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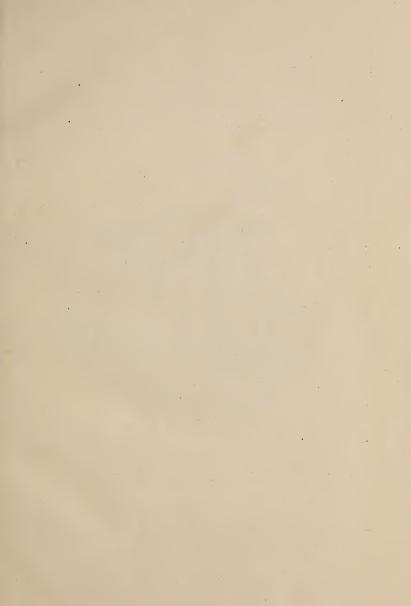








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A VACATION ON THE MEDITERRANEAN



SIX LECTURES ILLUSTRATED



OREGON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

BY J. B. HORNER, PROFESSOR OF HISTORY
PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS

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PREFACE

WHILE pursuing a brief graduate course along the Mediterranean last summer, the Author was correspondent for the Oregon Journal, at Portland. A few of his letters which appeared in print at that time have since been utilized in the lecture room. The classes in History in the Oregon Agricultural College now publish these under the title "A Vacation on the Mediterranean." This little volume is, therefore, a memento, which pleasantly associates the Author's classes with some of the historic scenes that rim the Mediterranean. Warren Forsythe,

Max McCall,
Mark Weatherford,
Mabel Wood,
Student Committee.

Corvallis, Oregon, March 7, 1907.



THE FORUM.

A DAY IN ROME.

Lecture by J. B. Horner, Professor of History, Oregon Agricultural College.

Upon visiting the Louvre my enjoyment of the masterpieces was somewhat short of satisfactory. Many of the most meritorious paintings failed to appeal to me. This is a serious admission. But realizing my want of preparation to understand the talent in evidence, my spiritual nature began to chide my judgment for permitting my intellectuality to presume upon so difficult a task as the subtle analysis of emotion masterfully wrought upon canvas. I was but a child in the presence of masters. So I turn my back upon the Louvre with the determination of first making a more careful study of the pyramids, the sphinx, massive walls and temples and other grosser works, and, at the end of one year, return again with better preparation for the study of the finer arts. Thus my spiritual nature was pushing up my intellectuality all the while, somewhat like a dragoman with open hands pushes the traveler over the marble blocks up a pyramid. It may not be very elegant, but the traveler gets there just the same.

Upon taking my departure, I saw a fellow traveler lying asleep on the belting course between the pilasters of the Louvre, wholly unconscious of the art treasures within the great emporium; which reminded me that I was not alone in the world.

So we went to Egypt to see the oldest and roughest ruins along the Mediterranean. There was the Sphinx with fifty or sixty pyramids as many centuries old; and all had to be seen in one hot day. A pyramid with one thousand miles of desert on one side and two thousand miles of burning sands on the other is a lonely spectacle. Abraham used to come down here to admire these old pyramids, and about five thousand Americans come for the same purpose every year. Reckoning the long

space of time between these two dates which the silent pyramids have witnessed, one is led to remark there is nothing old in Oregon.

At the acropolis, where ruin marks the location of the finest art studies in the world, our camera takes a view.

Then to Olympia, where the greatest games of the earth took place; but only ruins now remain.

Then to Pompeii, a city so large that one can now lose himself in the ruins. Here are 1,400 Italians in the employ of the government excavating the old city. Pompeii resembles San Francisco as it appeared last spring after the earthquake and fire.

OLD ROME.

Then to old Rome. The Palatine was the Roman acropolis: for the Romana Quadrata or first Rome was the Corona of this hill. When the city of Rome grew to be more than walls of defense with barracks and homes, it followed the example of Athens in pushing off the acropolis down on the plain below. But this plain located between the Palatine and Capitoline Hill was very marshy. Consequently, the elder Tarquin found it necessary to drain the valley. Accordingly he constructed a drain to convey the water into the Tiber near by. Because the purpose of the drain was to purify the vicinity it was called Cloaca from the word cluere, to cleanse; and because the drain was so large that a cart drawn by mules might be driven through the whole length of the sewer, it was called Maxima Cloaca. One of the worst punishments ever inflicted upon man, was visited upon a certain class of criminals who were thrown into the Maxima Cloaca and permitted to doat with the filth of the great sewer into the historic Tiber.

The Maxima Cloaca is 600 years older than Christianity and it is in such perfect preservation that one upon viewing it can hardly realize it was built more than a decade ago. The Maxima Cloaca is the biggest and the best old sewer in the world.

THE FORUM.

As Rome grew, she gradually spread over the seven hills. Eventually she had a half dozen or more business places or forums, but the greatest of them all was the Roman Forum, which occupied a small space in the little valley between the Palatine and the Capitoline.

The campus, including the Forum, the sacred way and the coliseum, does not extend more than a half a mile in length nor is it more than one fourth that distance in width; yet ruin has replaced ruin, and stone has been built upon stone so that every inch of the Forum is historic.

Gradually this little market place or forum increased in importance until the business interests and destinies of the world were discussed and determined here. So historic is this locality that fountains have been called lakes; chapels, temples; and men, gods.

MAMERTINE PRISON.

(See illustration opp. page 350, Myers' General History).

At the northwest corner of the large plot commonly known as the Roman Forum, we stand at the arch of Septimius Severus opposite the Mamertine Prison across the Vicus Capitolinus—(Capitoline street).

A little church overshadows the Mamertine Prison where Jugurtha, the Numidian monster, was placed. The upper apartment is probably a dozen feet or more in width. In the midst of the stone floor is a hole a foot and a half in diameter through which this wretched man was dropped into a cell below, where he was permitted to starve to death. Enforced starvation is a slight punishment for inviting lucanthropy like a disease to take hold of one's self.

But our purpose was not so much to see the room because of the fact that Jugurtha died there, as to see the cell where Peter and Paul were incarcerated. Near the wall is a stone pillar to which all prisoners were bound before stripes were laid on them; and legends tell us that Peter and Paul both suffered here.

A yard or so away is the baptismal fount, and thereby hangs a legend. The legend of the fount briefly stated is that while in this prison, Peter and Paul persuaded the jailor to their faith. Water for baptismal purposes burst forth from the stone floor and that fount is there till this day. Some claim, however, that the floor was mud, and that the water was separated from the earth by natural rather than by divine aid. No matter, however, it is prettier to cherish our legends. So let us patronize the legend of Santa Claus, the legend of Jack Horner, the legend of William Tell, the legend of the cherry tree, and the legend of the fount.

TEMPLE OF CONCORD.

Concord is a name precious to the Romans as well as to the Americans, for it is a nutshell of interesting history. When the plebians made their grandstand play for equality with the aristocratic patricians and were so successful that afterwards the Lucinian laws were conceded, no less a memorial than a temple was erected to perpetuate the event, and this edifice was called the Temple of Concord. These, in substance, were the Lucinian laws which it commemorates: Plebeians may hold 500 jugura of land (300 acres); and no man may hold more—Patrician or Plebeian; the removal of the military tribune and the selection of two consuls, one of whom was to be a Plebeian—ten keepers of the sibyline books were provided for—five of whom were to be Plebeians. So important was the cause this temple memoralizes, that the edifice has been rebuilt three times.

DEORUM CONSENTIUM.

After passing the Temple of Vespasian on the right and turning up the Capitoline Hill you find yourself half way around the row of chapels commonly known as the Schola Xantha, because at one time this was a meeting place or school of scribes and notaries. But now it is the Colonade of the

Twelve Gods. History speaks of it as the Deorum Consentium. For in 367 A. D. statues of all the gods were placed here so that Romans who were still heathens might worship any god their particular mood or fancy might dictate.

TABULARIUM.

Mohammedans built mosques; Hebrews, synagogues; Christians, churches and cathedrals; the heathen, temples. As the heathen of Rome were very devoted, they built many temples. Behind the three temples that we have just passed, the Tabularium was located upon the Capitoline Hill. This is the modern capitol of Rome, but in olden days it contained the tables of the law. Toward the river, a few hundred yards to the west, is the temple of Jupiter; and the campus of the ancient temple reaches to the Tarpeian rock which at one time overlooked the Tiber.

ARCH OF SEPTIMIUS SEVERUS.

Returning again to the arch of Septimius Severus in the northwest corner of the Forum we behold the elegant monument erected to Septimius Severus by the Roman Senate 250 A. D. It is adorned with inscriptions and ornaments commemorating his victory.

UMBILICUS.

Distances in Palestine are measured from the Crusader's tomb of the Savior in the temple of the sepulchre at Jerusalem. In the temple of Apollo at Delphos was the omphalos from which distances were computed. For similar reason a marble-faced brick column at the forum from which Roman distances were reckoned was called the Umbilicus of Rome. This column was the beginning of all distances, the center of Roman life, the center from which all directions radiated. Facing the umbilicus is the Milliarum Aureum or golden milestone, a few feet away; a column on which were inscribed the distances between the principal cities along the consular roads.

The matter of good roads in Italy as in Oregon was periodically discussed with an occasional revival; and it was during

the revival of some good roads convention that the Aureum Milliarum was erected giving special privileges to certain soldiers who desired this spot as a meeting place. Roman roads were direct and costly, and they were accurately measured. When they crossed valleys they were elevated, and mountains were tunneled to accommodate the Appian Way and other important highways that led from the vicinity of the Forum.

While the distances between the Umbilicus and the cities outside of the wall are given on the golden milestone, the distances between points in the city and the umbilicus are given on the pyramid which is located at St. Paul's gate of the Aurelian wall. This pyramid appears to be less than a hundred feet high; it was built 20 years B. C. as a monument to the memory of Caius Cestius the Praetor. It is the only Mediterranean Pyramid outside of Egypt that is worth seeing.

THE ROSTRA.

To me the Rostra look like the ruin of a rostrum. It is one, not two. The ruin appears to be the remains of a platform varying from five to ten feet high. It is about seventy feet long, and probably half as wide. On this platform were fastened rostra or beaks of ships on which the orator stood—hence rostra. On the dais or platform were two statues of Caesar, one of Sulla and one of Pompey; and it was here at the foot of Pompey's statue that poor Caesar beheld the deathly dagger threatening him and he uttered these words:

"Et tu Brute."

It was from the Rostra that Sulla hung the proscribed names; it was here also that Cicero's right hand was nailed and kept on exhibition to satisfy the morbid craze of the Romans.

The sweetest meats may turn sour; sugar change to vinegar, and nectar become venom. So the sweetest temper in woman may become the bitterest. The affectionate Ophelia becomes the woman Macbeth when changed to a demon. The most lovely woman becomes the most respectable hater, when her husband

has been assailed by a foe. Such a hater was Fulvia, the wife of Antony; and her best hate was consecrated to Cicero for his ill treatment of her husband. Cicero did not live long enough to give her an opportunity to vent all her hate on him. So when he was dead, Fulvia appeared on the Rostra and amused herself by running a bodkin through the tongue of Cicero after his head had been stricken from the body.

THE BLACK STONE.

As a courtesy to the Americans, foreigners frequently remove their hats upon arriving at the tomb of Washington. Accordingly upon approaching the Niger Lapis-the black stoneabout sixty feet east of the arch of Severus, the guide requested us to remove our hats, which we did when he told us that he believed the spot we were nearing to be the place where Romulus was buried. A few feet below the surface, we were shown a great black slab of marble surrounded with white stone vertically arranged. Here have been found vases and small statues made of blackened clay, common 500 or even 600 years before the Christian era. Some of the inscriptions on the tomb cannot be read because they are unlike any other inscriptions found among the Romans. There is some doubt as to the correctness of modern archaeologists in locating this place designated as the tomb of Romulus; however, it is probably as authentic as the place designated by modern Egyptians to mark the spot where Moses was found in the bulrushes. With age, fact fades into fiction. For this reason, some one, some day, will say there never was an Adam or even a Romulus or a Savior, and countless centuries later some skeptic will arise to deny that Rome ever existed. Accordingly it is more healthy to the maintenance of our better institutions to exercise faith in matters historic as well as in affairs religious.

TEMPLE OF SATURN.

Women are the worshipers of the world; and it was probably due to the Sabine women whom the Romans married that

Saturn, the favorite god of the Sabines, should be memorialized by the Romans with a temple near the Forum.

Agricultural pursuits furnish the best homes. Since Saturn was the god of agriculture and Opse his wife was his faithful co-worker, these two promoted the home under all circumstances. They were tillers of the soil. Tillers of the soil are still the salt of the earth. So, this temple which the Romans under Tarquin built between the Palatine and Capitoline Hill was the Oregon Agricultural College of the Roman Forum.

If we should combine the festivities of the modern Thanksgiving and Christmas we would have something like the Saturnalia celebrated at the temple of Saturn, regularly on the 19th day of December. It was on this day that business houses were closed, school children were turned loose, no punishment inflicted upon criminals, no wars declared, no battles fought, distinctions of rank laid aside, slaves sat at tables with their masters, by whom they were even served. So great was the freedom during this celebration that even the slaves were permitted to wear their masters' dress and exercise absolute freedom of speech. Crowds of people roamed the streets shouting. "Io Saturnalia." Sacrifices were offered with uncovered heads friends sent presents to friends. Gambling with dice at other times illegal was now permitted and practiced by all. In fact the event was so enjoyable and important, that ultimately this annual celebration was extended from one day to three, and afterwards to five and even seven days. Such was the great Saturnalia corresponding to our Thanksgiving and Christmas holidays that a modern Italian carnival is said to be a modern edition of the old Saturnalia baptized into Christianity.

Before this temple of Saturn which was located beside the steps leading from the Forum to the Palatine Hill, Pompey "sat surrounded with his soldiers listening to the oration which Cicero was delivering from the rostra when he received the personal address "Te enim jam appello, et ea voce ut me exaudire." Although the temple has disappeared, eight columns mark the place where Pompey stood and where Metellus

flung himself before the door of the temple vainly attempting to defend the treasure against Julius Caesar.

BASILICA JULIA.

Two years before his death, Caesar inaugurated the Basilica Julia. Basilica comes from a Greek word meaning royal; in Caesar's time, basilica meant the home of a king. Caesar was growing imperious day by day, and he felt the want of a more sumptuous palace than his mansion on the Palatine. It is evident that he was permitted the use of only a part of this elegant structure for the reason that it was probably not completed until after his death. The edifice has been destroyed and rebuilt three times, and the ruin has proved to be unsurpassed as a stone quarry for palace builders in Rome.

In the middle ages the portico of the Basilica facing the Temple of Saturn was transformed into a temple dedicated to St. Mary. It was then used as a place where rope makers might worship.

TEMPLE OF CASTOR.

Three columns with some other ruins mark the remains of the temple dedicated to Castor erected on the forum to commemorate the apparition in the forum of the Dioscuri announcing the victory of the Romans. This temple was dedicated 482 B. C.

TEMPLES OF VESTA AND THE VESTAL HOUSE.

There are two temples dedicated to Vesta in Rome. One is on the bank of the Tiber a couple of hundred yards from the mouth of the Maxima Cloaca. This is a neat parastyle edifice surrounded by nineteen columns which disclose Greek influence. The cella or chapel is covered with a roof of wood which probably replaces the tile, first employed by the ancients in the construction of this noble edifice. It is surrounded by many of the costliest monuments and other votive ornaments of the city of Mars. While this is the temple of Vesta which now appeals to the visitor, the temple or aedes of Vesta which his-

tory knows the most about, was on the Forum at the foot of the Palatine Hill. Here it was that the Paladium first met the eyes of the profane.

This little temple originally built by Numa has been destroyed and rebuilt many times, so that few if any traces of the original structure are now in evidence. What good thing could escape the destructive fire brand of Nero!

The little edifice forty feet in diameter was constructed upon a foundation of tufa blocks and it is probable that the superstructure of the circular edifice was very elegant. However, it was a very holy place, where many sacrifices were made. Bones and bones and bones of ox, pig, sheep and dog, sacrificed to ancient deities are under these ruins.

The chief purpose of the temple of Vesta was the preservation of the sacred fire which was kept burning constantly by the vestal virgins. This was next to the highest rite known among the Romans; the Pontifex taking precedence. It is a tribute to the Roman sense of purity that this office should be given to the virgins selected by the Pontifex. The manner of selection was somewhat after this order: Of the girls of Rome, twenty were selected at the age of ten. For their promise in spiritual as well as intellectual affairs, five were chosen from the twenty to fill the sacred office of state and church. From ten to twenty years of age, these virgins were to learn the high art of superexcellence in womanhood; from twenty to thirty they were to practice the arts in the divinest way; from thirty to forty, they were to teach these virtues to other women; and at the age of forty they were to be free to whatsoever vocation they might wish. Their home was located in the rear of the temple of Vesta, which is a rectangular edifice with elegant baths and rooms for recreation and places for rest on both sides of the building. These enclosed the great Cella or Aratrium where distinguished guests were received. the Aratrium was concealed a vast amount of gold and silver during the persecution of the Christians by Nero. Money has been found from time to time in various hiding places hereabouts. Sacred to the memory of the Vestal virgins and to those who worshipped at this shrine stands the foundation and a few other memorials which are now being carved out of the Palatine Hill.

But the Vestal virgins were not always entirely true to the traditions of their office. Else Romulus, the founder of Rome, would not have been born, and the Romans could not have been the children of Mars. For the mother of Romulus was a Vestal virgin and the father, was Mars the God. Thus came about the Romans who were the children of Mars.

CURTIAN LAKE.

In the region of Aetna, Stromboli and Vesuvius, earthquakes are naturally frequent, and Rome has not been immune. day after an earthquake a chasm was found in the forum so deep that the College of Augurs said it would not be closed till the most precious possession of the Roman people was thrown into it. What is the most precious possession of the Roman people? What is the most precious possession of the American people? College people say it is chastity. What was the most precious possession of the Grecians? It was the art of the Acropolis. What then was the most precious possession of the Romans? A young officer, Marcus Curtius by name, declared that soldier's valor was the most precious possession of the Romans; and so saving, he spurred his horse and leaped into the gulf. A grateful people filled the lake with offerings and called this Lacus Sacer, or the holy lake. The second tragedy said to have taken place here was the murder of Emperor Galba by his soldiers.

LUPERCAL.

The American Indians have a legend that a coyote was slain by a bear near a mountain cliff and when the blood soaked into the mountain side the first man was begotten, and this man was a great warrior. Singular it may seem, but early in the traditions of Rome appears mention of the wolf; and today his statue, like the Goddess of Liberty on the American half dollar, is in evidence everywhere. But a short distance from the forum at the side of the Palatine Hill is the cave of the wolf where Romulus was suckled by the she wolf. I know the story of Romulus, Remus and the wolf in the cave is true, because I have seen the cave. At the time of Romulus and later there was a certain god, Lupercus, whom the Romans worshipped, but whose name they kept secret from other tribes that the barbarians might not gain favors from the same source as the Romans and thus outdo them. To this god the feast of the Lupercal was instituted.

It is probable that at first the Luperci were sacrificed to this god, but as early as tradition becomes respectably reliable, we find that vicarious offerings of sheep and dogs were common and that a circuit of the city on the Palatine Hill was made by the Luperci, and in making this circuit they ran lengthwise of the forum.

Swords dipped in blood were applied to the foreheads of the Luperci, and then this blood was washed off with lambs' wool dipped in milk. Then the Luperci were required to smile much the same, I presume, as a young bride smiles when she steps off Mendelssohn's wedding march for the first time. Then with thongs cut from the hides of victims they began the circuit of the hill in two bands, striking every one they could reach in the race, for it was good luck to be hit by the Luperci. The practice was somewhat like the superstitious practice of hanging horseshoes over the door to invite good luck.

Since there were no Amazons among the Romans, and a woman could not be a warrior, her next glory was to be the mother of a warrior. A blow from the thongs at this service prevented sterility in women. So, such women as had the ambition to be the mothers of great warriors stood next in line at the race in order that the thongs might strike them. The name of the tongs was februa, the festival februatio, and the day dies februetus, hence arose February, the last month of the old Roman year.

The Ides of March near approaching reminded Caesar on the morning of the Lupercal that he ought to leave a more respectable heir to his throne than the son of Cleopatra. So in his extremity, which was the opportunity of the gods, Caesar grows religious; some might say superstitious. He pours out his soul to his wife Calpurnia, who was childless, and to his neverfailing friend Antony, who is to be in the race with the Luperci: (Caesar—Act I, Scene II.)

Caesar. Calpurnia!

Casca. Peace ho! Caesar speaks.

Caesar. Calpurnia!

Calpurnia. Here, my lord.

Caesar. Stand you directly in Antonius' way, ... When he doth run his course. Antonius!

Antony. Caesar, my lord!

Caesar. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius, To touch Calpurnia; for our elders say, The barren, touched in this holy chase,

Shake off their sterile curse.

Antony. I shall remember; When Caesar says "do this," it is perform'd.

THE PANTHEON.

Bathing has always been a luxury and a necessity. Hence where there were more towns than rivers, ample bathing facilities have usually been provided by man.

In her day, Rome was a western city, hence she was enterprising—an up-to-date metropolis—a Chicago or Portland, so to speak. Consequently she was noted for her baths, commonly called thermas.

The most noted of these thermas was the Calidarium, the bath of Agrippa, adjacent to the emperor's palace in Campus Martius.

Subsequently the palatial bath became noted in history as a pagan temple dedicated to Jupiter the Avenger. In this shrine, any and all gods might be worshipped. For this reason it was called the Pantheon, from "pan," all, and "theos," god.

When the cross arose and shone in the heavens, and the Romans as well as Constantine saw they could and would

conquer by this sign, the Pantheon became a Christian church. When the barbarians—the destroying angels of the North—passed through the city, they spared the Calidarium on account of its peculiar form and beauty. Afterwards the immortal Raphael, Cardinal Bembo and many other saints, were laid to rest here, and the shrine came to be generally known as the Westminster Abbey of Rome. Therefore it is easy to understand how a palatial bath came to be the Pantheon which thousands visit annually.

To say that the Pantheon is finished in marble is not implying much in Rome, where sheep, goats, urchins and larger cattle commonly walk on fine marble and beautiful pavement prevalent in that country. The architecture of the building is different from the architecture of all other buildings except the copy of the Pantheon in Naples.

The form of the Pantheon is that of the ordinary glass fruit jar, with this exception—the bronze doors of the Pantheon are approached by a quadrangular portico of sixteen columns conveniently divided into three isles.

The common impression is that the top of this mammoth fruit jar was left open anciently. However, at the present time, the top is canopied with glass, as my camera testifies; and cameras are always truthful. The height of the Pantheon from the floor is 142 feet; and the interior diameter of the edifice is the same. At the base, the wall is twenty feet in thickness. The Pantheon, like the Bank of England, has no windows. It receives its light from above. In the wall are seven deep recesses ornamented with fluted columns and Corinthian capitals. The rich marble moulding upon the wall is surmounted with decorations that are gradually lost in their approach to those above. For they grow dim as they near the opening dome that let in a subdued and solemn light in perfect keeping with the simple regularity and complete harmony of the building itself.

Conspicuous on the walls of the Louvre are some empty picture frames. The keeper, if asked, tells you that when the Prussian soldiers entered Paris during the Franco-Prussian

War, they went to the Louvre and took the paintings which they said Napoleon Bonaparte had taken from their ancestors. But the soldiers left the frames because they did not belong to the Prussians. "Those empty frames which seem worthless where they are," said the keeper, "will remain on the walls of the Louvre until France will retake the paintings that belong in them."

Rome, however, cannot hope to overtake the pious thief who has robbed the Pantheon of bronze and silver and painted canvas which the designer found necessary to the complete harmony of the shrine. So she must do a greater deed. She must be content to wait till the Italians become Romans again; and artists will be found who can reproduce the Pantheon as equisite in all its parts and as glorious as it was designed.

COLUMN OF VIRGINIA.

The ways of love are inexplicable, and the dignified Forum is not without its romance and consequent tragedy. Applies Crassus Claudius was a patrician that outrivaled Tarquinius Superbus in imperious manner toward the Plebeians. "Pride goeth before a fall and vanity before destruction." And Tarquinius Superbus went along with them as fast as his two awkward legs could carry him. The awkward squad preceded Claudius who followed in the procession as many have since done.

But Claudius was politic enough to secure election as Decemvir and subsequent re-election to that office. Yet with all his personal pride and political sagacity, his heart was humble! one day in the presence of a Plebeian girl, Virginia by name the daughter of Virginius the Centurian. In this paper I am saying much to you about the ladies to make up for what history has failed to say about your mothers. Caprice is from the Latin word Capra, goat. It refers to the unaccountable turns and moods of the goat. Just such caprices love was playing on the old Decemvir until he suffered from an unaccountable stroke of affection in the presence of the beautiful

Virginia. Nor did the genius of the law and decency offer him any hope, for no Patrician might wed a Plebeian. So it appears that caste is sometimes as severe with the haughty as with the humble.

Virginia had a lover, Icilius by name. Where was the Roman maiden who could endure the wooing of the Decemvir after she had already been won by another?

But the gods had been seeking a sacrifice of some beautiful victim that might rid Rome of a tyrant; and thus it came about.

One of the Decemvir's beneficiaries, Marcus Claudius, made oath that Virginia was not the daughter of Virginius, but that she was the daughter of a slave and had been stolen by the childless wife of the Centurian. An attempt on the part of the Decemvir to prevent the father from coming to the trial was foiled; but the father's evidence was of no avail in the presence of perjured testimony; and the judgment passed was that the father must give up the daughter to be a slave of Claudius the Decemvir. This was more than a father could endure. One way of escape and only one remained; but his daughter must be free. He asked the privilege of bidding farewell to his child; and then, placing his arm about her neck as if to kiss her a last "good-bye," with the other hand he plunged a dagger into her vitals. When she fell dead, he shouted, "This, my child, is the only way to keep you free."

The father with the betrothed lover and an uncle hurried to arouse the army, and under the popular passion the Decemviri were overthrown and Appius Claudius died in prison.

Where the blood coursed from the lifeless form of the beautiful Virginia, stands the base of a pure white marble column to commemorate a precious Roman sacrifice for a daughter's honor.

In America, is a Virginia in the constellation of stars. This star was named in honor of the Virgin Queen of England. The star is in a constellation that decorates the American eagle; and the American eagle looks like a reproduction of the Roman eagle in new soil. Hence one star in our flag not

unfittingly commemorates the sacred offering made by a father, a daughter and a lover in the olden days of Rome.

SACRA VIA.

Over the Sacred Way we pass the Temple of Romulus, the Basillica of Constantine, the Arch of Titus, the Column of Phocas, and many other important places. It was by the Sacred Way, or Sacra Via, that all the holy processions marched. But until late explorations the historic way was somewhat in question. Archaeologists tell us that the Sacra Via passed through the Arch of Constantine, the Arch of Titus, the Arch of Severus and thence to the doors of the Temple of Castor. The most ostentatious processions known to the Roman world marched along the Sacra Via.

ARCH OF CONSTANTINE.

The arch of Constantine is a display letter in the opening chapter of Christianity in Rome. Dissensions had riven the heavens and on the sunlit gold leaf displayed above, Constantine read this motto, "In this sign you will conquer." Many a Christian has witnessed the same motto, but did not read it; else he might have exercised more of the wisdom of Constantine who won an arch so famous in history that sixteen centuries later people travel over oceans and continents that they may behold it. Such honor and such an arch Constantine won by practicing lessons which any American boy can learn at Sunday school.

But the Christians who built the arch of Constantine were also pious thieves, for they almost depleted one of Trajan's arches in order to decorate the arch of a Christian. But Christian sculpture was in its infancy just at this time, and it may have been the proper thing to advance Christian sculpture by decorating Constantine's arch with a few heathen medallions. Yet when the visitor gazes on the historic monument which bears evidence of the predatory instinct, he is led to inquire if the "end always justifies the means."

COLISEUM.

An excitement ahead. It was a runaway. A team was carrying a vehicle full of people indiscriminately past the arch of Constantine and other historic places about the Coliseum. An alarm was sounded in good Western English. But just before the carriage crashed against the massive building a strong Italian from the crowd leaped upon the runaway team and tackled the near animal like an O. A. C. football man, hard and strong. Soon both man and beast were down on the earth with the Italian uppermost. And I said that fellow ought to belong to the O. A. C. football team, but for his English, which was ungrammatical and somewhat intemperate. After the excitement I stopped to reflect that the O. A. C. football teams which have been most victorious have also been good psychology students.

But death and funerals await no man. While all was pell mell about the wrecked carriage, a funeral procession, slowly and solemnly passed through the arch of Constantine. Here, as elsewhere, women shine, for women are the best mourners at a funeral. They are paid for mourning. We are told they would rather weep for small wages than wash dishes at home for better pay; for in that hot climate it is easier to weep than to follow any other vocation.

The Coliseum, which is 100 feet high, 612 feet long and 515 feet wide, is the largest old theater in the world. It has accommodated a hundred thousand people at a time, 20,000 of them standing. The Coliseum was projected by Vespasian and completed by Titus, A. D. 80, which was ten years after Titus destroyed Jerusalem. Some say that it cost Jerusalem to complete the Coliseum.

The entire stadium surrounds the arena, which is probably thirty feet below the lowest row of seats. The arena, which was walled in with dressed marble is approached by numerous caverns or rooms in the earth adjacent to this massive edifice, for the earth has seen honey combed to make dens for man and beast that had to suffer here. Prior to this time most

theaters were semi-circular; but in order that the people might witness all phases of the terrible tragedies which should take place between gladiators and the unequal contest between beast and Christian—a fighting animal and a praying creature—this arena was made in the form of a ellipse. The place below where they fought was called the arena from the sand that was placed upon the ground to absorb the blood. Some of the emperors showed their prodigality by substituting precious powder and even gold dust for this sand.

The seats fell back of each other regularly so that there were no galleries—hence history has made no reference to "nigger heaven" in the Coliseum.

The top of the Coliseum was left open; but historians say an awning was spread above as a protection against rain and sunshine. It may be that the thousand colored valerium was used for this purpose.

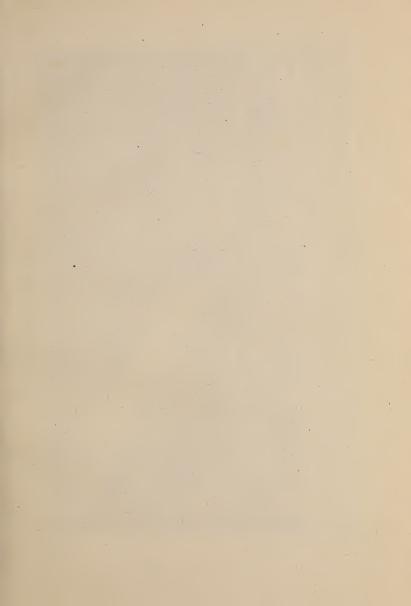
The height of the building seemed to aid the open top and the arcades to carry on ventilation which otherwise might have been pestilential with such throngs as the exciting contests of the arena called together.

Late that afternoon, while we were wandering among the ruins of Trajan's Forum near by, I saw in relief a portrait of Athena. She was weeping. For some unaccountable reason I was reminded that I live in a little city, the descendant of Rome, on the farther edge of another continent. Leading to this city is also an Appian Way. On that splendid via is a goddess modeled in Grecian design. She stands, at the fountain of knowledge, pouring from her chalice into the salver for all who thirst after knowledge. This masterpiece of Grecian design recognized by the cultured Romans has been adopted by American artists.

Young men and women have partaken from the chalice of learning on the Appian Way for four years. As a mark of appreciation of their alma mater they have dedicated this memorial to other young men and women who desire to improve their tastes. But this Goddess of Knowledge has been dishonored and her shrine desecrated so that she has turned her

face from the passing throngs. And Athena, who has been respected as the beloved Goddess of Art for twenty-five centuries, wonders if it can be that there are Aryans in this age so barbarious as not to appreciate this gift; she wonders if there are still Aryans who are unable to show proper respect for the donors of so beautiful a monument. Ladies and gentlemen, anciently it was un-Hellenic and un-Roman to disfigure the beautiful. Yet we are more than Grecian or Roman. Let us therefore frown upon any attempt at vandalism that disfigures statues and ornaments bequeathed as testimonials of gratitude by those who have partaken at this fountain of knowledge. Let Athena raise her head once more.





THE APPIAN WAY.

ALONG THE APPIAN WAY.

BY J. B. HORNER.

Lecture II.

The Appian Way is the world's model for good road conventions. This via is the costliest road in the world. The Appian family with their descendants spent 100 years in constructing this masterly way for roadster and pelestrian. Oregonians who regard a decade as a fair lifetime of a road, sm.le when they gaze for the first time upon this old "queen of roads," which is 312 years older than the Christian era. Instead of piling earth on a roadbed to be summerfallowed once or twice every season, the ancients dug a long ditch and filled it with big rocks with splendid resisting power against wear and weather. Smaller rocks covered the larger ones, and as these were gradually ground into sand, they were probably replaced with new material of like sort as the original.

Some old history did say, "All roads lead to Rome." However, upon coming to Rome and viewing the Appian Way and then arriving at Naples where we saw the Appian Way again, we found that the Appian Way led from both these cities to Brindisi on the opposite side of Italy—the seaport for Greece. It looks as if the projector of the Appian Way had been looking eastward.

CHURCH QUO VADIS.

The spiritually inclined—and all men in their sober moments are thus—love to linger at the little church Quo Vadis. So the

tourists bid the coachman halt that they may view the little church and listen again to a story which the guides have been repeating for centuries. Here and there at the altars within the little edifice are pilgrims, and the environments inspire the visitor with feelings of intense respect, if not devotion. The monk snows us a copy of the imprint of the Savior's feet carved in stone. The original stone he tells us is at St. Sebastinos Chapel near by. He also reminds us that when Peter had been condemned and was making his escape from the city he met the Savior on the Appian Way and said, "Where goest thou?"

"I am going to Rome to be crucified," was the response. The Savior's heart was heavy; and it is said that the imprint of his feet was miraculously preserved in the marble pavement on which he stood.

Then Peter, realizing keenly the denial implied in his cowardly escape, returned to Rome, where he was condemned to crucifixion. But, realizing his unworthiness to suffer as did his Savior, Peter's humble request to be crucified with head downward was graciously granted by the Roman authorities.

Professor Drummond tells a pretty story of a beautiful young woman who wore a golden locket which was never opened save to a few intimate friends, until after her death. When those who most admired her devoted life took the locket from about her neck and opening its precious lids, they read these words, "Whom having not seen, I yet love." To such as this young woman the story of Quo Vadis is more than a myth. So I recommend Quo Vadis to all who have not yet read it.

COLUMBARIUM.

In order that Octavia, a sister of Augustus, might do a woman's full share in exalting humanity in her own way, she resorted to the following novel but fitting device: To all her slaves who made a faithful effort to attain civilized methods and breathe sentiment befitting men and women of a noble order, she offered promotion—often freedom; and gave their ashes a place in the columbarium near her home on the Appian Way.

The Columbarium was so called because the receptacles in the wall were arranged in the shape and order of those occupied by the Columba, or dove, which has as much character as any other winged creature, the angel excepted. Hence for a slave to have his ashes sealed in an urn and placed here was to say to succeeding generations that he had improved his conditions by his own efforts—that he was self-made.

So great was the influence of the Columbarium instituted by Octavia that other slave owners adopted the plan—and it is said that while about eight thousand were honored thus in the Columbarium of Octavia, thousands of other slaves were encouraged to emancipate themselves from thraldom many times worse than that of the American slave.

CIRCUS AND TOMB.

Further on the Appian Way is the Circus of Maxentius which was nearly a quarter of a mile long and about one-third as wide. But agriculture has victoriously turned her plow upon the course where chariot races were in evidence. In short meter we halted at the Tomb, of Caecilia Metella, a circular structure sixty-five feet in diameter. This edifice was built in the reign of Augustus and in the thirteenth century it was converted into a tower or stronghold furnished with battlements.

A delightful drive is the Appian Way. Along the pleasant via, the coachman, a disciple of David Harum, remarked:

"Ah, the roadsters are to be friends."

"Explain," said I.

"Well, these be hitched together for the first time today, and right along from the start, the off nag was for making up and bein' friends. But the nigh animal, which is a little too aristocratic to warm up to a stranger, held off till just now. But he became convinced that his new mate is good stuff; so he rubbed his lips over his mate's head and he nickered as much as to say, 'It's all right, Old Hoss, we'll be friends from now on.' Of course there had been a good deal of back talk from the start, but it's settled now. Horses talk like men with this difference—horses never lie. I wish I could say as much for

the veracity of mules. But mules are more farseeing, and they can figure on results better than horses. So if you combine the intelligence of the mule with the integrity of the horse you have something you don't find in most men."

CARACALLA'S PALACE.

At the therma, on the Appian Way, the diversion from every day drudgery in an emperor's life must have been effectual. At this place was diversion for the human mind in whatever mood it might happen to be. There were great reading rooms, also gaming rooms, where the emperor and his senators might play at baccaret, whist, or dice, or whatever game might be on. There were art rooms where a first-class louvre was open to the royal household as well as to visitors. Eating and drinking were always in order. Then there were baths—cool, tepid and hot. And if all these diversions were inadequate to quiet the nerve-worn family, a special arena provided with animals and slaves was always in readiness to arrest the nervous disturbances of the emperor who had the contract of worrying for the whole nation.

Every time Mount Vesuvius grows uneasy, this quiet evidence of antiquity trembles; and it now looks as if there might be a race between the relic fiend and the earthquake as to which will do its worst to Caracalla's Palace.

AQUEDUCTS.

The Romans, like the people of Corvallis, obtained their drinking water from the mountains; but instead of conveying it in pipes as we do, they conveyed it in aqueducts, frequently supported by pillars and arches reaching forty feet or more above the ground. Not infrequently did they tunnel the mountains for their roads and aqueducts. Evidences of ancient aqueducts are seen on all sides of Rome, overlooked by mountains, which conclusively proves that when the Italians were Romans, they, like the citizens of Corvallis, placed a just estimate upon pure mountain water.

CATACOMBS.

If the Romans had been half as considerate of their living as they were with their dead, the citizens of the empire would have survived full membership in the Hundred Year Club. But scattering roses in the pathway of the living never was so common with them as pouring incense on the graves of the departed. Otherwise it might have proved that the proud old Roman—equestrian as well as senator—would not have deteriorated into the indolent organ grinder or miserable beggar, so frequently seen on the street corners of the historic city.

That the remains of the precious departed might not be desecrated, the religious element of Rome buried their dead in the catacombs outside the walls of the city. By the fourth century there were eleven catacombs in the suburbs of Rome. These were gradually extended until in the aggregate they have been variously estimated at 600 to 1,000 miles in length. Hence it is possible that enough catacomb tunnels are in the suburbs of Rome to extend from Astoria around Oregon to the ocean again. And these subterranean passages were so crowded with the dead that if the remains were placed head to foot in a trench, that trench would girdle the earth at the equator. is easy to understand, therefore, how more people might have been buried in the catacombs of this one city during the second and third centuries than are now living in the United States of America. Yet this is only a beginning in the computation of the dead in catacombs; for catacombs and subterranean tombs are found in all countries that were early christianized.

SUBTERRANEAN CHILL AND ROMAN FEVER.

On the Appian Way toward the foot of Alba Longa we descend with tapers into the earth to visit the departed. Why the contrast between intense heat above and the death like chill below, in that country, is so marked is not apparent to the neophyte. Although the thermometer stands at 90 degrees or 100 degrees in the sunshine, down in the deep, cold darkness the chill is so intense that the ladies put on their heaviest cloaks; for they have been informed by the guide that there is

much danger of the chill and the Roman fever which may ensue. Accordingly it is but natural that American tourists should shorten their stay in this labyrinth. Winding about through uncertain course the good monk takes the lead. With the dead five to ten deep on either side, the solemn party march along the narrow way, which varies from four to six feet in width. Other tunnels ramify the tunnel that we have been traversing and these are ramified by other laterals. After we have traversed several of these gloomy recesses and are quite out of sight of the entrance, we descend into the next system below, which may run transversely across the labyrinthian course already pursued. After following these until we have a sufficiency, the good monk, in order to satisfy his patrons, takes all into another system of labyrinths below. He then informs us that these tunnels run forty or fifty feet below those above, sometimes parallel and sometimes across each other somewhat similar to the New York subways, although not so regular in construction.

He shows us the little tombs that are wedged in between the larger ones, indicating that space was so precious in the catacombs the members of a family were not buried together. On we wander as we wonder what would become of us all if some stroke of heart disease would suddenly incapacitate the guide who is the only person with us who knows the way out.

THE CROSS IN THE CATACOMBS.

Loving testimonials and beautiful scriptural allusions have been carved on the head pieces of these subterranean sepulchers. The earlier inscriptions indicate Greek influence, while those made later indicate Roman influence only. Daniel in the Lion's den, "The Good Shepherd," "The Baptism of the Savior," doves and olive branches, lambs and fish, are common scenes in sculpture and in color. But everywhere in the catacombs the cross is in evidence. Singular indeed is this representative of Christian ideas carved in the wall and tombs, when we contemplate the western horn of the crescent which once ran up through the Mediterranean into Europe. And a great day it

was for Europe when the huge battle axe of Charles Martel hurled the remaining Moslems back into their retreats behind the Pyrenees. For the Moslem is but a creature of the crescent. and the crescent in divine providence is only a satellite, which merely reflects the light of some greater orb. Satellites are never centers of light: but like the moon, their lesser light in the deeper darkness is still beautiful. Indeed, poetry and sorg may be inspired by the silver moon, while philosophy that penetrates the earth is perceived in the more brilliant light of the blazing sun. But the crescent can not become a fullrounded orb. It is destined to less than half the reflecting power of the ordinary satellite. It will never full. Therefore, Mohammedanism, which is appropriately represented by the crescent, dimly reflects what light it has borrowed from Judaism and Christianity. So, while Mohammedanism is better than no religion at all, it is doomed never to cast much light on the world. Yet its soft twilight will please many of its simple votaries who naturally prefer shadowland ideas to the more brilliant ethics that stand out radiant as the sun. Therefore, let the cross-standing for ideas for which Europe has sacrificed so many precious lives-continue in evidence on the European battlefield contested so long, and in the Roman catacombs—the largest grave yards in Christendom.

PIOUS THIEVES.

Some of the bodies were buried in the tufa rock, some were hermetically sealed in costly marble receptacles, while others were mumified and afterwards incased in costly coffins. But the intruder has been here and has robbed the dead. How solemn a matter it is to molest the remains of the dead. Why not let the dead remain in peace? Why disturb their hones? Why molest Napoleon at St. Helena? France tells you, "Because we love him." Why molest these? The good monk tells you it is because the church loves its martyrs. The walls indeed have been stripped in many places of the elegant marble which now probably decorates the hotel where you board in the city, but your guide will tell you that the marb'e is in some sacred edifice of the city of the Caesars.

As you progress along the way you are shown the stone chair which it is said was occupied by the bishop when the Christians were driven into the catacombs. The apartments in many places of the catacombs indicate that the catacombs at some time were inhabited by the living for a brief period. The guide will show you also where the baricades were thrown up with massive stone to prevent the heathen from intruding upon those precincts. Nor is it at all probable that the catacombs were excavated for clay to serve the tile maker; for the walls are of tufa rock wholly unfit for this purpose.

But the chill of the underground and the grewsome meditations over the dead—cold so long in these vaults—soon satisfy the visitor and the exodus is begun. As we approach the warm atmosphere of the surface and the sun once more bursts in upon us, the monk extinguishes the typer, reminding us in good English that the resurrection has come again.

BASILICA OF ST. PAUL.

A Roman cathedral is the principal church in a diocese. If a Latin place of worship is not the principal church in a diocese, and it is more pretentious than an ordinary church, you may safely call it a basilica. The finest cathedral on earth is St. Peter's, and the finest bascilica I could find in a journey of eleven thousand miles is St. Paul's. This basilica. located near the Appian Way, is a fitting recognition of the apostle who proved to be the greatest theologian of the Bible. No man since the time of Euclid has reasoned in the realm of planes and solids with the originality and depth of the great geometrician, nor since the days of Paul has any one made greater research in divine logic than did the independent bachelor apostle who dared to intimate that women should be seen and not heard. To the memory of such a one was the basilica near the Appian Way erected; and thus it came about. In the early days when there was a large settlement between the City of Rome and Ostia, which was located some eighteen miles away at the mouth of the Tiber, Lucinia had a fine vineyard near the main traveled way. Here was a Christian

THE HOME OF ST. PAUL.

home open to the diciples. The Apostle was as welcome to her home as was the Savior to the home of Mary, Martha and Lazarus. Such homes were of solace and comfort to the founders of Christianity. When the Apostle was martyred. Lucinia begged his body and buried it in her vineyard. Here ends the legend, and history begins with the fact that one of the first deeds of Constantine upon coming to the throne was to erect a suitable house of worship on this site so as to mark the burial spot of the great Bible logician. The fact that Constantine recognized the locality as the haunt of the Apostle by placing a basilica to confirm his judgment to others so early after the era of the Bible makers carries with it great weight to prove that the Apostle was actually in Rome, and that Paul's letters to the Romans were not to strangers. Time and again has this edifice been destroyed, and as often rebuilt. Christianity and her temples will not remain in ashes. As late as 1823, this basilica was rebuilt; and singular to say, much of the finest material in the edifice was donated by those who did not profess Christian faith.

THE CLOISTERS.

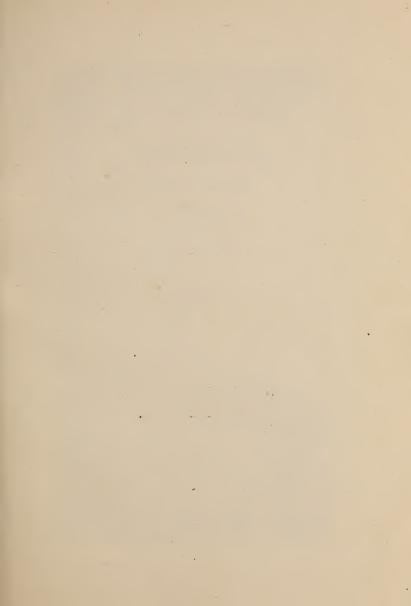
The interior of St. Paul's basilica is about 500 feet long, 200 feet wide and 75 feet high. The roof is sustained by eighty columns of granite. Many of the most beautiful decorations are said to have been taken from the catacombs. The cloisters which approach the basilica rank with the most beautiful in the world. Until recent years one of these was never entered by woman. However, most of the cloisters have been open to the public, and later they have been secularized. Hence they have become the recipients of colossal sculpture and art treasures, and in some instances, they are used as laboratories and workshops. Cloister green here is even more beautiful than the one at Westminster Abbey. No one can keep a garden more beautiful than can a monk; hence it may be wise that the keeping of the green at St. Paul's and the Garden of Gethsemane has been in the hands of monks all these centuries.

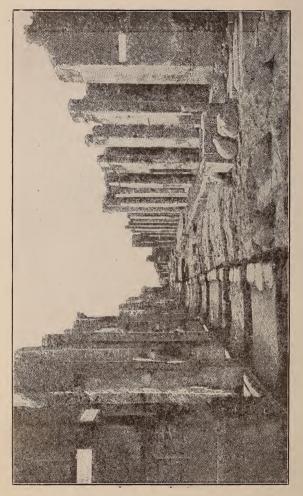
ST. PAUL AND ST. PETER'S.

On the opposite side of Rome from St. Peter's is St. Paul's, located near the Appian Way. St. Peter's is so beautiful that the pilgrim upon visiting the shrine and admiring the divine works of art that decorate this place of worship is impressed with the feeling that the artists, sculptors, and saints who conceived so perfect an embodiment of beauty in things mundane were well prepared for citizenship in a better world than this. Visitors to St. Peter's agree that it is well worth while for any person, seeking to improve his ideals, to make a journey from anywhere to this cathedral, long known as one of the wonders of the world.

But if you were going solely to worship, I am inclined to the belief that you would go to St. Paul's, which is much less pretentious in architectural finish. To an American St. Paul's looks as if it were just costly enough for them who require sumptuous places of worship. So at the close of the afternoon's drive among the historic places along the Appian Way, the party—rich and poor—participate in the sweet sentiments and reflections of divine service at the altars of St. Paul's.

Thus endeth the pilgrimage of another day; and we return to our cloisters for silent meditation and deeper study.





A STREET IN POMPEII--1906.

POMPEII.

BY J. B. HORNER.

Lecture III.

An Amphitheatre was in the extreme corner of Pompeii, and Bulwer Lytton wrote the story thus:

The keeper, who was behind the den, cautiously removed the grating; the lion leaped forth with a mighty and a glad roar of release. Glaucus had bent his limbs so as to give himself the firmest posture at the expected rush of the lion, with his small and shining weapon raised on high, in the faint hope that one well-directed thrust might penetrate through the eye to the brain of his grim foe. But, to the unutterable astonishment of all, the beast halted abruptly in the arena; then suddenly it sprang forward, but not on the Athenian. At half speed it circled round and round the space, turning its vast head from side to side with an anxious and perturbed gaze, as if seeking only some avenue of escape. Once or twice it endeavored to leap up the parapet that divided it from the audience, and, on failing, uttered rather a baffled howl than its deep-toned and kingly roar. The first surprise to the assembly at the apathy of the lion was soon converted into resentment at its cowardice; and the populace already merged their pity for the fate of Glaucus into angry compassion for their own disappointment.

POMPEIAN ARENA.

Then there was confusion, a bustle of remonstrances sud-

denly breaking forth, and suddenly silenced at the reply. All eyes turned, in wonder at the interruption, towards the quarter of the disturbance. The crowd gave way, and suddenly Sallust appeared on the senatorial benches, his hair disheveled—breathless—heated—half exhausted. He cast his eyes hastily around the ring. "Remove the Athenian!" he cried; "haste——he is innocent! Arrest Arbaces, the Egyptian; he is the murderer of Apaecides!"

"Art thou mad, O Sallust?" said the practor, rising from his seat. "What means this raying?"

"REMOVE THE ATHENIAN!"

"Remove the Athenian! Quick! or his blood be on your head. Praetor, delay, and you answer with your own life to the emperor! I bring with me the eye witness to the death of the priest Apaecides. Room there! stand back! give way! People of Pompeii, fix every eye upon Arbaces—there he sits! room there for the priest Calenus!" "The priest Calenus! Calenus!" cried the mob. "Is it he? No—it is a dead man." "It is the priest Calenus," said the praetor. "What hast thou to say?" "Arbaces of Egypt is the murder of Apaecides, the priest of Isis. These eyes saw him deal the blow. Release the Athenian; he is innocent!"

"Is it for this, then, that the lion spared him. A miracle! a miracle!" cried Pansa.

"A MIRACLE!"

"A miracle! a miracle!" shouted the people. "Remove the Athenian! Arbaces to the lion!" and that shout echoed from hill to vale, from coast to sea, "Arbaces to the lion!"

"Hear me," answered Arbaces, rising calmly, but with agitation visible in his face. "This man came to threaten that he would make against me the charge he has now made unless I would purchase his silence with half my fortune. Were I guilty, why was the witness of this priest silent at the trial? Then I had not detained or concealed him. Why did he not proclaim my guilt when I proclaimed that of Glaucus?"

"TO THE LION WITH THE EGYPTIAN!"

"What!" cried Calenus, turning around to the people, "shall liss be thus contemned? Shall the blood of Apaecides yet cry for vengeance? Shall the lion be cheated of his lawful prey? A god! a god! I feel the god rush to my lips! To the lion—to the lion with Arbaces!" Sinking on the ground with strong convulsions—the foam gathered to his mouth—he was a man, indeed, whom a supernatural power had entered! The people saw and shuddered. "It is a god that inspires the holy man! To the lion with the Egyptian!"

With that cry up sprang—on moved—thousands upon thousands! They rushed from the heights—they poured down in the direction of the Egyptian. The power of the praetor was as a reed beneath the whirlwind. The guards made but a feeble barrier—the waves of the human sea halted for a moment, to enable Arbaces to count the exact moment of his doom! In despair, and in terror which beat down even pride, he glanced his eyes over the rolling and rushing crowd—when, right above him, he beneld a strange and awful apparition—he beheld—and his craft restored his courage!

"Behold!" he shouted with a voice of thunder, which stilled the roar of the crowd; "behold how the gods protect the guiltless! The fires of the avenging Orcus burst forth against the false witness of my accusers!" The eyes of the crowd followed the gesture of the Egyptian and beheld with ineffable dismay a vast vapor shooting from the summit of Vesuvius in the form of a gigantic pine tree—the trunk, blackness; the branches, fire.

THE EARTH SHAKES.

At that moment they felt the earth shake beneath their feet; the walls of the theatre trembled; and beyond, in the distance, they heard the crash of falling roofs. An instant more and the mountain cloud seemed to roll towards them, dark and rapid, like a torrent. At the same time it cast forth from its bosom a shower of ashes mixed with vast fragments of burning stone! Over the crushing vines, over the desolate streets, over the am-

phitheater itself, far and wide, with many a mighty splash in the agitated sea, fell that awful shower! No longer thought the crowd of justice or of Arbaces; safety for themselves was their sole thought. Each turned to fly—each dashing, pressing, crushing against the other. Trampling recklessly over the fallen—amidst groans and oaths and prayers and sudden shrieks—the enormous crowd vomited itself forth through the numerous passages. Whither should they fly for protection from the terrors of the open air?

And then darker and larger and mightier spread the cloud above them. It was a sudden and more ghastly night rushing upon the realm of noon!

NERO AND VESUVIUS.

For a time everything had been going wrong; and all the political wrongs seemed to culminate in Nero. Some say that Nero was so bad that even Mt. Vesuvius became inwardly disturbed over his wrong doings. Some humorist intimated that the wickedness of Nero made Mt. Vesuvius so sick that it afterward vomited over the two beautiful little cities, Pompeii and Herculaneum. Pompeii and Herculaneum were fellow sufferers. But these were only two of the many cities in that locality that suffered from the wreck and ruin of Mount Vesuvius and its ancestor Monte Somma.

Pompeii differs from most other graveyards in this, that in Pompeii the people numbering thirty-six thousand were buried in their homes.

When Aeneas and his party came from the East there was already a lofty mountain in the shape of a cone which rose above the Bay of Naples. It was a volcano, but evidently dormant at this time. Dormant signifies sleeping, and dormitory means a place to sleep, but Monte Somma was no dormitory; yet it was a sleeping monster preparing to awaken and terrorize the towns along its sides with its thunderings some day. As early as 63 A. D. Monte Somma was nervous; and the earthquakes seemed to indicate a convulsive condition of the great monster. Busi-

ness houses were thrown down and temples wrecked. But then as now, excitement was gradually allayed; and as the people regained confidence in their city they returned to their homes. However, the authorities made provision by law that every house, dwelling, threatre and temple should be torn down to the ground and securely rebuilt Pompeii was made anew.

MONTE SOMMA.

Dates differ, but let us imagine a beautiful morning on the 24th day of August, 78 A. D. Suddenly a huge black smoke rose from the crater of Monte Somma a mile or two high and then spread itself like a great umbrella pine concealing the sun as the smoke lowered with stifling effects upon the surprised inhabitants below.

Monte Somma was waking from its sleep of many centuries to succumb to the elements, that the more ambitious Vesuvius might be born. Ashes which had risen with the smoke continued to lower, transforming the beautiful Mediterranean day into the blackness of an Egyptian night. The smoke became so dense in the course of the following 72 hours that even in Brindisi on the opposite shore of Italy, the sun was obscured and at Athens and even in Alexandria the air was impregnated with gases emanating from the volcano. With the ashes, descended a dense hail of pumice, covering the ground to the depth of about twenty feet.

BIRTH OF VESUVIUS.

When the smoke cleared away the scene above displayed the collapsed Monte Somma, much of which had been blown into the air and the new cone had appeared instead. Thus while the earth was wreaking in convulsive energy and cities were buried in pumice stone and ashes and people were suffocated with smoke and gas, Vesuvius was born.

Like Monte Somma, Vesuvius slept for many centuries. But in 1066 A. D., when William of Normandy was stirring the life of the Anglo-Saxon the dyspetic condition of Mt. Vesuvius became evident as the great cone began to belch up hot mud a mile and a half into the air to fall in torrents below on the denizens of Pompeii.

In 1538 the new summit of Mt. Vesuvius was forced up to the height of 413 feet within two days, and in 1631 Herculaneum and some of the other villages were imbedded with lava; at which time also torrents of boiling water were sent forth from the mountain.

In 1779 several eruptions took place and in 1794 followed another eruption during which Torre del Greco was destroyed. Probably Mt. Vesuvius has killed more people than any other monster on this globe. It has slain the people and laid their cities low and buried the senator as carelessly in his palace as the beggar in his hovel.

In 1885 began a series of eruptions which culminated April 1906, when the volcano emitted so much ashes that many hundred teet of the cone suddenly fell pack into the thorax of the greet monster.

VESUVIUS, ETNA AND STROMBOLI.

He who visits Vesuvius should also visit Mt. Etna and Stromboli both of which can be seen in one day. In the day time Mt. Vesuvius is the most imposing volcano on the earth, but as a display of pyrotechnics in the night time, Stromboli with its ever changing fire works would outrival Mt. Vesuvius surrounded by all the 4th of July celebrations in the world.

At eight o'clock in the morning the train leaves Naples for Pompeii. We pass over the ruins of the Herculaneum where people dwelt for centuries building one city above another without knowing it. Down into a stone stairway carved out of lava some eighty feet deep, and we are led into an old theatre where evidences of the life and habits of the ancient people have been indisputably preserved in stone. You sit upon the long stone seats where attentive audiences listened to the songs and viewed the performances of the actors before the Christian era. You step upon the rostrum where the actors gracefully performed the parts assigned them. You repair into their dressing apartments and it seems as if you are living again the life they once lived. Above you, below you and about you is stone, stone, stone; and you breathe an atmosphere similar to the atmosphere of the cata-

combs. The spirit of death has not departed from Herculaneum since its destruction. Elsewhere you are shown into a smaller and less pretentious compartment which has been excavated enough to prove to the visitor that the ancients were religious

HERCULANEUM.

and that they nad good homes at Herculaneum. So much already has been uncovered of Herculaneum that the government of Italy has about determined that the buried city of Herculaneum is more valuable to science and history than the present city which is built above is to commerce. It is claimed in that locality that a graveyard is God's acre, which no people have a right to appropriate for commercial purposes. Within ten years a thousand men will be constantly under government employment engaged in excavating the Herculaneum. This will prove the most arduous task of the kind in the world's history, for the reason that hitherto all excavations of cities and houses have been made from free soil. Herculaneum is incased in lava as hard as the lava and basaltic columns along the Columbia.

Continuing down along the rim of the blue waters of the Bay of Naples, we are shown where the lava and the mud from Mt. Vesuvius have pushed the land far into the Bay. Upon arrival at Pompeii we are introduced to Joseph, better known as guide No. 10, who lost all his property during the convulsions of Vesuvius in the month of April, 1906. The story is pitiful, for a poor man's estate is as precious to him as a palace is to Rockefeller Morgan or Rothchilds. So an extra lira is handed to him and his tongue becomes supple at once.

Oh wad some power the giftie gie us To tip another as he would tip us.

PLAN OF THE CITY OF POMPEII.

The walls of Pompeii prove that the shape of the ancient city is that of a half shoe sole of the near foot. This sole extended over about two hundred acres of territory with narrow streets and closely built houses accommodating about thirty six thousand people. At the destruction of Pompeii these people were

descendants from the leading families of Greece and Italy. For Pompeii at this time had come to be the fashionable center of all Italy, and it was noted far and wide as a commercial center and as a military fort.

After walking along the wall some distance we approached a double gate, through one wing of which the people passed down elegant marble stairs into the level of the city. Through the other wing vehicles are drawn down the inclined way of polygon-Into the city once, and we face long narrow streets not exceeding twenty or thirty feet in width; many are narrower. The streets covered with stone are curved with great slabs of marble and tufa extending a foot and a half above. the buildings and these slabs were the walks which at that time were covered with stucco or mosaics. To serve as crosswalks. large stones were placed in the streets at convenient distance. The horses were loosely harnessd so they could pass between the huge stones of the Pompeian crosswalks without throwing the two-wheeled vehicles out of the ruts which are usually two to four inches deep.

ARCHITECTURE.

These houses look as if they were built by mechanics trained While the buildings are not so large as in Greece and Rome. the ancient palaces and basilicas to be found in Rome, they present a neat and attractive appearance purely refining and elevating. Many of the houses are built after the Spanish order of architecture in being only one story in height, yet they are not Most of the roofs are almost level. of the bungalow type. Within these homes are various decorations such as frescoes and work in relief that could hardly be excelled at this age. Strange to say that the paint on the walls as well as the polish of the stone remains perfect to this day. Many of the greatest artists visit Pompeii merely to copy the work which has been left by the ancient artists of the city. Diagonally two streets reach across Pompeii; at right angles to these are two other streets. Smaller alleys and streets ramify these. In one quarter of the city are to be found the principal temples and shrines erected to the Roman gods, in another locality may be seen the forums where all kinds of legitimate exchange was carried on. When the wrath of Vesuvius came on, it found the baker at the oven, the wine seller at the jars, the jeweler at his bench, the blacksmith at his forge, and these evidences remained perfect till this day. So complete have these been kept that fruit preserved in jars has been kept sweet and palatable till it was unearthed in this century. Grain which was buried 1800 years ago and more in Pompeii has been taken out of the ruins and

PLASTER CAST OF THE DEAD.

re-planted with satisfactory results. The inhabitants true enough are gone, but now and then a hollow place is found in the earth. Plaster of Paris is poured into the hollow. When dried, the plaster of Paris is removed from the mold which is peeled off, and the form of some unfortunate person who perished in the ruins of Pompeii 79 A. D. is exposed to view. Many of these models are on exhibition in the Museum which is within the walls and near the main entrance to the city. While strolling about the city fearing that the guide may miss his course and that you will be lost among the ruins of Pompeii, you cannot help observing many features of the home life of those an

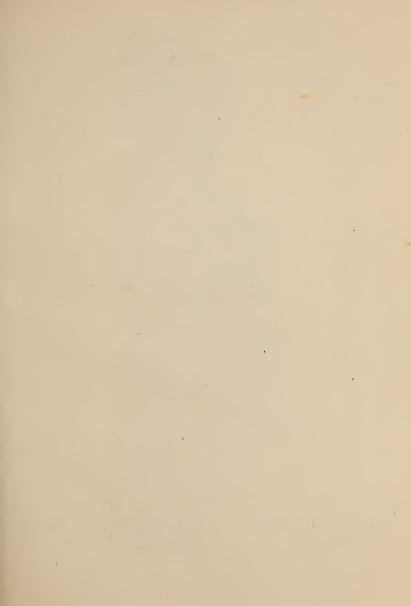
INSCRIPTIONS AND ORNAMENTS.

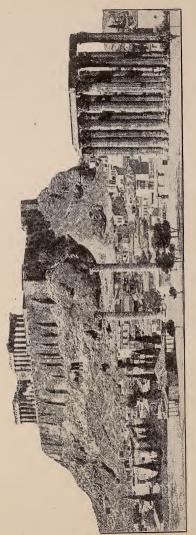
cient people who flourished eighteen hundred years ago. You will see over the door of one house the announcement of the price that some maiden set upon her charms. At another sumptuous edifice you will observe a notice of rent in which the proprietor gives notice that he will not rent for a brothel. In a tavern was found a representation of serpents which were supposed to keep the place immune from intruders. Under these serpents was the Latin inscription—Otiosis lucus hic non est, discede moratur; Lingerer, depart; this is no place for idlers. At another place you observe imbedded in the threshold leading to the main apartment of the home the word SALVE; Welcome, or Good health to you. Among the theaters and business places there were so many temples scattered over the city, which indi-

cated the religious culture of the people buried by Vesuvius. All people should be religious; and every man should select a religion as carefully as he selects his wife—one which he will not desert in the days of his prosperity.

As you depart from Pompeii, you take a last glance at the corner of the stone wall which lay buried about eighteen centuries. Near the top of the wall is a large tablet on which is engraved a square surrounded by a compass, plumb, level, spade, trowel, gavel and certain other unmistakable evidences of Free Masonry which prospered in that locality before the Christian era.

Pompeii is as yet only half unburied. Daily new treasures of archaelogical and commercial value are explored. Daily new evidences of religious, theatrical, industrial, commercial. home life are exposed to view, disclosing to us how they lived, what was the nature of the pursuits and the trend of mind of Then as one thinks of his home on anthat ancient people. other continent, he reasons thus: Suppose some volcano should suddenly bury our own homes with us in them, and then after these homes have lain buried eighteen centuries, they should be uncovered, what features of home life would they disclose to the people of that time! It is a serious matter indeed to determine what we shall permit to pass over the threshold into our For what we have in our home life in America today. though preserved as sacredly, will be disclosed as surely as have been the treasures of Pompeii buried since the days of old.





THE ACROFOLIS--1906

ATHENS.

BY J. B. HORNER.

Lecture IV.

To one who would be a Greek and see only the things he ought to see, modern Athens is a delightful study. With a history of 3,000 years under the domination of Pelasgians, Greeks, Romans, Turks. Venetians, Byzantines, Turks and Greeks again. Athens is a marvel among cities. For after victories and defeats covering centuries, she is lifting her head and adopting modern methods and American machinery.

People see best through their own eyes; so we travel afoot and alone to the Acropolis. It is July and the weather is like that of Arlington, in Oregon, of the same season, with this difference, that in Athens the atmosphere is more humid and the X-rays strike in twice as quickly. At the foot of the Acropolis, we inquire the way by means of a few rusty Greek words, and an aged woman with the activity of a girl of 18 directs us. On reaching the entrance to the Acropolis, she refuses the franc Greek women have much of the vim and indeoffered her. pendence for which their ancestors were noted in the days of Pericles—the golden era of Athens; and as long as the women, the mothers are high-minded, they will raise some manly men. The impression one receives of the better class of Greeks, of which there are many, is that they do not wish to do anything that will lower them in the estimation of others. The nobility

of spirit which will often cause a Greek to go hungry before he will humiliate himself by begging or accepting tips, is one of the remaining evidences of Grecian pride and Hellenic greatness.

THE ACROPOLIS.

Formerly there were nine entrances to the Acropolis; now there is but one. This leads by the way of the Propy'aea, through which there are five gates approached with elegant vestibules that seem to be akin in beauty and finish to the Parthenon. Although this entrance was begun in 436 B. C., many of the paintings done at that time are well preserved. Some say the paints then were better than those now used; others assert that the climate of the Mediterranean is not so severe on colors. Probably both theories are correct.

Once through the Propylaea, we are fully on the Acropolis, where art has been happier than elsewhere on the earth. For what Jerusalem was to the world in religion, Athens was to the world in fine arts.

Here at the Acropolis, Greece placed her best sculpture, and the world has been copying it ever since. Sculptor nor artist has ever presumed to improve to art that crowned the citadel.

GRECIAN HONOR.

All countries have especially honored their virgins, and the Parthenon destined to be the study and despair of architects of all nations in all ages, was the dwelling of the Athenian virgin. This fact of itself seems to indicate the premium that the Athenians placed upon chastity centuries before the new dispensation was proclaimed; for this building was completed 437 B. C. However, when we consider the integrity of character in Aristides and the tribute to chastity in the art of Parthenon, we are not to turn our eyes from the fact that the old dispensation had long been sending light into this beautiful land of many gods and elegant taste. If you close your camera down so that only a few rays enter at once, these rays will run parallel to each other and produce a better picture than if you throw in a flood of light and make your picture instantaneously.

The character of Greece was developing a long time with but a little light, and the world has not produced a more honest man that Aristides, a braver man than Leonidas, a more eloquent orator than Demosthenes, a greater poet than Homer, nor a finer artist than Phidias. Yet Greece was but a mere dot on the earth.

THE PARTHENON.

The Parthenon remains still a fact that may be reproduced from the ruins that remain. There are great columns, parts of walls, and floors and stairways still in evidence, so that you may form a mental picture of what once was there. But the picture will not be complete; for other nations have robbed the Parthenon, and the imagination can therefore poorly reproduce some parts of it. You look above you and you see the work of Phidias, and having eyes of the ordinary mortal, you wish that you could see with the eyes of Phidias. Here is carved the story of the Trojan war, and beyond is the war of the Aamazons, and you see at once that the description has never been overdone in American books. It is humiliating indeed to confess the inability to compass in words the beauty of the art of Phidias and Praxiteles. On viewing the character and soul these artists depicted in stories of war on the frieze, the beholder forgets that the warriors are images, the images marble, and the marble cold.

RUINS OF THE ACROPOLIS.

While the Acropolis is covered with foundations and broken columns which indicate what edifices have been here some time, much has been deported to enrich the Louvre and the British museum, while pashas, khedives and Christians have borrowed heavily to ornament mosques and cathedrals. Thus the art of the Acropolis has been disseminated over the earth. So during the centuries while Greece was apparently prostrate, her artists were still in their glory. In Greece, therefore, the Genius of Art survived the Genius of War.

A portion of the Temple of Virgins with a monument stands near the side of the Parthenon. The museum at the further end of the citadel is modern. These complete the present corona of the Acropolis, but the crowning glory that distinguished the Acropolis in ancient times was the Hellenic devotion of the Athenians to their country and their gods.

VIEW FROM THE ACROPOLIS.

The Acropolis originally was a bare ledge of rocks 500 feet high and about 250 yards long, with an irregular width probably one half the length. Here was the ancient city of Athens. But that she might give greater honor to her gods, the city receded to the surrounding plain, where the ruins of many temples, theatres, aqueducts and palaces, which have been uncovered, now tell of the home life, the pleasures and pursuits of the ancient Hellenes.

From the Acropolis there is a fine view of Athens, Piraeus, Phalerum and the Bay of Salamis; Mount of Pentelicus, whence the marble used in the building of Athens was extracted, are to the north; beyond is the hill of Lycabetus surmounted by the church of Saint George; to the south is Piraeus; to the east, Mount Hymettus; and to the west the road leading over the hills to Eleusis.

MARS HILL.

On descending the steps of the Acropolis, Mars hill with the rugged ridge from which Saint Paul preached is on the right. It was on this hill that the Apostle Paul preached the gospel in his discourse beginning: "Men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious." On the left are the caves constituting the prison of Socrates, and beyond them the monument erected by the grateful Athenians to King Philopappos, who came to their rescue in time of trouble.

TEMPLES, THEATERS AND STADUIM.

Below you on one side jutting against the citadel is the temple of Esculapius, midway between the theaters of Baccus and Herodes. Just beyond the theater of Baccus is the temple of Jupiter, and a little further on is the Stadium, rebuilt to perpetuate the Olympic games. In the interest of gymnastics, an enter-

prising Greek merchant, who has been very prosperous in Egypt, rebuilt the Stadium with Pentelic marble, reserving the right only of placing his statue near the entrance—a request which in the days of Ionic supremacy would probably have been denied. Seats for 50,000 people overlook the games; the two best seats having been reserved for the king and queen.

KING GEORGE.

King George is very democratic. He goes about the streets unattended, and expresses the belief that no one wishes to harm him. A king may become so common that the people unaccustomed to aristocracy lose much of that distant respect for him that seems to bridge the way between the crown that looks down and the subject that looks up. Many Grecians are looking hopefully forward to the coronation of the present crown prince.

But Athens has been striving up the highway of self government; hence King George is merely perpetuating the traditions of his people when by example he makes the declaration that a good king is but a good man who wisely rules his people.

In all old cities there are objectionable features; but considered in the light of history, these as a rule should pass unnoticed in a city which possesses a thousand times more tragedy, genius and art than Homer sung when he made Troy famous. Athens has become famous without Homer to tell the story, but the logical deduction is: If Homer made himself famous in writing the "Siege of Troy," what would he have achieved had he lived to write the story of Athens?



EGYPT.

BY J. B. HORNER.

Lecture V.

The Nile with a thousand Cleopatras sailing on its bosom would not be as beautiful as the Willamette, nor could the songs of Egyptian queens be half as sweet as the music of Indian maidens gliding o'er the shadowed bosom of our noble river. Yet for many centuries the Nile and Cleopatra have been far-famed for their beauty.

On approaching the Rosetta branch of the Nile we are confronted by the city of Alexandria. To our right is Pompey's Pillar, more than a hundred feet high; to our left are the ruins of Pharos, the old lighthouse which was listed as a wonder of the world. Further down the coast, fourteen miles or more, is the Bay of Aboukir, where was fought the Battle of the Nile. Here stood Admiral Nelson and here stood the son of Casabianca. Victory was too tame a word, so Nelson called the battle a "conquest." But which won the greater victory and which will be sung longer by muse—England's greatest admiral or the boy who "stood on the burning deck when all but he had fled?"

While we were talking of the little Italian boy I thought of a sturdy Scotch lad who had been pushed out of his home and enticed aboard a ship as a sailor. He passed Aboukir bay for Port Said many years after the battle of the Nile. His ship



plowed three oceans and finally he found himself ashore on the coast of Oregon. Driven by despair to greater and higher activities he went inland in quest of labor that he might obtain an education. He excelled on the farm as a laborer and in college as a student. Labor on the farm and midnight oil in the student's cloister yield a bountiful harvest to an honest boy. After graduation he was employed as professor in his alma mater; finally he became one of the most useful men in his state. This is the story of the boy inbred with as much spirit as ever was the hero of the Nile. He sought such opportunities to unfold his powers of usefulness as America only affords. Who is the greatest of these—the noted admiral, the little son of Casabianca or the Scotch lad who is a worthy example to other boys "striving up the heights?"

THE DIFFERENT MONUMENTS.

In memory of his conquest the statue of Nelson stands at the head of a tall column in Trafalgar square overlooking the city of London; the heroic deed of the lad of 10 at Aboukir bay has been chronicled by historians and muse; and the Caledonian waif who rose from obscurity through the pulsating power of American life until his example has inspired other boys to nobler deeds throughout the northwest has won recognition which time will eventually accord.

On the coast near by is Ramleh, where Dr. V. M. Henry, a Linn county, Oregon, boy is rusticating with his family—gathering physical force at the brink of the Mediterranean to supply power for missionary work farther up the Nile. They are operating under the United Presbyterians, who are very active in that country.

Albany has the largest United Presbyterian church in the northwest and this church is a supporter of the Egyptian missions; therefore I made personal inspection of missionary work at different points for the benefit of my friends as well as for my own satisfaction. I wanted to know from observation what comes of the money we drop into the missionary box from force of habit. On this subject I have carefully prepared a paper too

long to incorporate with this article. Suffice it to say that personal observation of missionary work in Egypt will induce any one to double the size of the silver he drops into the contribution box. Some indeed permit the silver lining of the contribution box to change to gold.

A BEAUTIFUL PANORAMA.

The railway ride up the Nile to Cairo is a panorama 100 miles long. In the month of July the richer natives are plowing with oxen and water buffalo yoked together as in America, but the plow is a forked piece of timber which digs up the earth as was done in this country 5,000 years ago.

If you should give one of these natives a fine American plow he would throw it aside for a contrivance that his father used before him. Progress has not been stamped upon the brow of the Egyptian laborer who learns exceedingly slow. The poorer classes, however, use humbler teams when they till the soil. Possibly a cow and a donkey are yoked together; and it is not an uncommon sight for a woman and a donkey to be hitched together while the husband holds the plow. It is a sad sight to see a modern Cleopatra along the banks of the Nile hitched to a mule below mediocrity and driven by a man with instincts lower than those of the poor brutes he goads. It is indeed a serious thing to be a human being of the feminine kind in such a country.

There are many gardens, and such fields as have not turned golden make the homes look like garden homes. Fertilizer is carried on camels from the bed of the Nile and scattered over the soil. Of course, the river also annually deposits sediment about 1-17th of an inch deep on the fields during inundation.

No reaper, threshing machine, wagon nor other agricultural implement of like sort was seen in the fields from Alexandria to Cairo, the most fertile region of the Nile valley.

IRRIGATION WILL HELP.

The crops in Egypt are still uncertain, but they will be regulated better as the systems of irrigation improve. It is singu-

lar that America and Africa should take up irrigation in earnest simultaneously. This year the crops are better than usual, but the opportunity to speculate on the corn market is even more tempting than in the modern American exchange.

It rarely rains in Egypt. But it rained in that country about five years ago, when rain was the last thing on earth for which they were prepared, and the people were panic-stricken as the result. Their houses are of adobe, the roofs are leaves covered with mud and the floors are bare. When the rain came it soaked through the roof, melted down the walls and dissolved the floors, until the natives found themselves knee deep in mud. Accordingly all the population had to leave their towns until the deluge was over and the houses had dried so that the occupants might return.

GLORY THAT IS REMEMBERED.

We are halting in our hurried journey amid the shadows of ancient but not forgotten glory. We are thinking of the stories we used to read in school about the monuments and pyramids of Egypt, and we remember what is said in modern history about the battle of the pyramids in 1798. Here we are, not to read history nor look at a picture, but soon to see with wondering eyes and touch with our very hands these sentinels of the centuries. A day among the pyramids is one of the days of a lifetime. Early in the morning we cross the Nile at Cairo and the electric car soon carries us to Gizeh at the edge of the desert. Here are mules with their masters in waiting to carry the pilgrims. A short ride on the hot sands and we face the Sphinx, which has a number of pyramids in the background.

The Sphinx, evolved from the brain of man many thousand years ago, is commonly regarded as a monstrosity of idolatry. But when you see the great human head, representing intelligence—the godlike attribute of man, and this head resting upon the powerful shoulders of a lion—the king of beasts—you at once observe that the ancient Egyptians recognized the dichotomous nature of man as an intellectual and physical being. Regardless of what others may say or think of the physiognomy of the

Sphinx, it is masculine. But while it lacks effeminacy on the one hand, it lacks bestial destructiveness on the other.

The Arabs call the Sphinx Abou Hole—the father of terrors all of which contradicts the common idea that the Sphinx is a woman with a lion's body. The forehead is broad and not more receding than that in the plaster cast of George Washington. Through the ears it is not abnormally thick, as among savages. The cheeks indicate equanimity of temperament, and the chin and lips, which are decidedly strong, reveal that quality of firmness which legend has attributed to Chief Multnomah in the "Bridge of the Gods." The peruke covering the back of the neck and sides of the face was a kingly insignia of providence protecting the body from the intensity of the elements. The neck is truly large, indicating power. Without a good, strong mind, it would indicate licentiousness; but with a fine brain sitting like a wise king on a throne to direct its acts, the strong arm, the cultured hand and the fleet foot and even the large neck may stand for strength of character. A powerful neck, like beauty, requires brains to take care of it. Charlemagne, Henry VIII, and Scipio were men with large necks; and who shall say that they did not win in the battle of life? The tremendous circulation of blood through a large neck directed by sober judgment is a mighty evidence of the powers of a man. So the head of the Sphinx is not unworthy of the shoulders of a king, especially when it is remembered that the Sphinx is the colossal image of a god once called Armachts.

COINCIDENCE OF THE LION.

In this age when strength of body is regarded as indispensable to intellectual excellence, the magnificent physique of the lion is coveted by athletes the world over. But the Egyptians thought and believed more. They thought that man is a trichotomy. They had an undying faith in their immortal or spiritual nature. Realizing that the art of sculpture had not yet made sufficient progress, they seldom presume to represent the soul on stone.

The coincidence that the ancient Egyptians should emphasize the lion so much in their art, and that later the lion should also be the standard of a nation which has already outdone Egypt, Carthage, Greece and Rome, would seem to indicate that the Sphinx is an unfailing prophesy made by the gods 5,000 years ago or more that Egypt would some day be dominated by the British lion.

The pyramids vary in height, some of them reaching nearly 500 feet in the air. Until you approach them they appear much smaller. They are built due east and west, and the entrance



opens toward the north star. They were used for astronomical observations as well as for tombs of kings. I have been informed that some of the oldest pyramids have shifted a little, just enough to account for the variation of the earth in so many centuries. Many of the pyramids are built of large stone. But probably as many were built of smaller stones.

It is to be remembered that the builders covered the pyramids with a heavy coat of cement and gave them a smooth roof that easily sheds the storm of rain and sand. Scattered among these pyramids are catacombs and temples imbedded in sand and stone. Down in the catacombs are tombs more elegantly finished and

expensive than usually built for kings. They enclose the sacred bulls which were worshiped by the builders of the pyramids.

THE COST OF LABOR.

The tombs, the temples and the pyramids are so elaborate that visitors frequently inquire where they got enough workmen to do all this. But when we remember that the kings who coerced their subjects into building these pyramids were so generally despised, we conclude that 'twere better to be a king honored without a monument of stone than to be enshrined in pyramid and cursed by his subjects. The story of the pyramids teaches the moral that labor in Egypt was never valuable enough to be appreciated. It never will be until the magic touch of Saxon genius changes it.

The visitor hires a donkey for 12 piasters, or 60 cents a day, and employs the master to go along and lead the donkey for two piasters, or 10 cents a day. Hence, a donkey at labor is worth six times as much per diem as his master. Which is to say a man is worth one-sixth as much as a donkey. But you can buy good donkeys for \$18 apiece. Accordingly, if men could be sold for laboring purposes in Egypt, they would retail at about \$3 each, which may be really more than they are worth. They give away women in that country.

But while the natives in Egypt do not command higher wages, it is not at all improbable that they receive all they earn. Their mechanics as a rule perform only the rougher sort of work. I saw carpenters at the British museum at Cairo operating with implements too crude for an American youth of 17 during the first three months of his apprenticeship. The mechanics are slow, and their work matches wretchedly. The nation has lost in a large measure the mechanical sense possessed in the days of pyramid building; hence, the British and other foreigners prefer better laborers for the higher grades of work. On the other hand, the natives have been content so long with their mode of life that they prefer something easy; hence, they are willing that others should hold the better positions.

POOR IN INTELLIGENCE.

Along the Nile are thousands of people dipping water into flumes by passing the bucket from one to another till they reach the aqueduct above. It is true that the water might be elevated by windmill; but in many places this is not allowable since it would take employment from the common people. Poverty of intelligence has lowered the wages of the people.

After viewing the pyramids we mounted our mules for Memphis, a half dozen miles away. She who has been the captain as well as the partner of the writer's joys and sorrows for more than a quarter of a century, rode a donkey which the natives call "Theodore Roosevelt." My donkey was "Kentucky," so I was "dry" all the way. It may be stated in this connection that ice water sells at 8 cents a quart, while wine in bottles can be had at half that price. The natives say that wine is healthier in that locality, and they advise you to drink it. So, what is one to do about it? On the desert this question must be settled, for you are thirsty. The amorous bray of the slumbering longears which I ride breaks the lull as the sand rises to the patter of hoofs advancing toward the ancient capital of Egypt. The weather is hot. But the greatest prevention against excessive heat is a pleasant temper. It is better than either wine or water. It is always good. An entertaining story is better than an umbrella to keep off the heat. So, while gliding over the glistening sands the ladies, who talk easily, get along better than the men, who are usually supposed to be the stronger sex.

Down into the valley of the Nile, and we are again riding along dikes amidst the tall corn and sugar cane. We are near the ancient and historic city. The foundation of Memphis is the first event in Egyptian history; the one large historical incident in the reign of the first king who emerges a real man from the shadowland, which the Egyptians called the reign of the gods.

The outskirts resembles some missionary picture of a village of interior Africa. After passing a small grove of palms we are shown some great red granite columns that were surmounted with splendor when the Serpent of the Nile was queen in this city. The railway train rolls in and soon we are down the Nile.

It was along this river that the Hebrew children were in bondage so many years. It was here also that the Lord gave them Moses, Aaron and Joshua as their deliverers.

It was here that the plagues were visited upon the wicked king, and it was here that the Hebrews suffered at the hands of a nation which has never recovered from the injuries it inflicted.

It was here that Cæsar and Antony fell before the charms of Cleopatra; and it was here that Augustus did not fall.

It was here that the astrologers studied the stars from deep pits dug into the earth as a substitute for the modern telescope.

It was here that geometry and surveying and masonry were first introduced in relocating fields and establishing possessions after the flood had passed on in his annual visitation.

It was here that literature first made its appearance. From here they passed the lamp of learning to the Phœnicians, and thence to the Greeks, thence to Rome, thence to England and finally to America. The Americans in point of literature are therefore the descendants—the great-great-grandchildren of the Egyptians.

A LONG TIME DEAD.

At the British museum in Cairo I gazed into the face of the oldest man I ever met; he lived 5,000 to 10,000 years ago. He was Rameses II. He had been dead a long time, to be sure; but except for the fact that his appearance was leathery and somewhat emanciated, he looked as if he had been living yesterday. His eyes are intact, and his features have retained their form. His gray locks are beautiful; and he is comely, but for the fact that he is a mummy. By his side lies his queen. They are in a casket which the British government has provided. Their hands cross each other, and if you could forget the death chill and stiffness, you could look into the face of Rameses and grasp his hand as if to welcome him into the activities of this century. Our guide, who is accustomed to mummies, said:

"Only the best people can afford to be mummified and be ex-

posed to the scrutiny of travelers thousands of years after their death. The ancient Egyptians were veritable gods. Every Egyptian was his own best statue. Hence the necessity for mummification. People have so deteriorated since that time that they do not longer make good mummies, hence they have resorted to incineration, which they innocently call cremation. Their ashes is the best they can leave after them."

The ancient Egyptians made good mummies. But what is the advantage in being a mummy? Better be a mossback in Oregon than a mummy in Egypt. When I looked into the face of the old king I said to myself that I would much rather be a good active member of the Hundred Year Club in Oregon than a mummy in Egypt for 50 centuries.

We saw funeral processions every day in Cairo, and they were pretentious affairs. The corpse was borne by pall-bearers and in the rear of the procession were the mourners, women, crying aloud. These are regularly hired at a small salary to mourn according to a fixed custom. They weep into tear bottles and their tears are sprinkled on the graves. A commendable feature of the Egyptian practice is the selection of women to do their weeping, for in Egypt, as in other countries, women weep so much more freely and easily than do men. I think that I observed the same women in attendance at three funerals in one day.

Throughout the east the people appear very generous. They are willing to do an American a favor, and then they stand ready for reciprocity. They want to make the visitor feel happy, and are quite willing that he shall swell with adulation, while they minister to his wants.

However, their manner differs somewhat in various localities. In Egypt, where the language is more animated in accent and gestulation, the peasant seeks to favor your and will offer to share with you the burdens of the hour; but "backsheesh" has been accumulating in his stifled throat all the while, and at the last moment it comes up with that imploring look which he has been cultivating since he first whispered accents of love at his mother's knee.

PRINCELY PAUPERS OF GREECE.

But a Greek is polite. For example, he notices that you have in your mouth a naughty cigar, which is not burning. He will bring you a match or fusee. When he has lighted your cigar and you are ready to thank him, he will remind you very courteously, with a wistful smile, which you will find undeniable, that he himself has no cigar to light. If you have another cigar you do the only thing left for an American to do; and as a climax to the incident you conclude that the Greek is the princeliest beggar on the Mediterranean.

After we had been down on the Nile near old Cairo, at a place marked as the spot where Moses was found in the bulrushes, we were taken through some streets eight or ten feet wide, where Joseph and Mary brought the Saviour in their flight into Egypt. This is the Coptic church known as Abu Sergeh.

Abu Sergeh really consists of two churches—one above the other. The upper one only is in regular use—the older and more fascinating to the tourists and Christians generally is seldom or never used. A period of seven centuries separates the building of the two.

The lower church dates from the middle to the end of the second century of the Christian era. This is probably the oldest church in the world. There was, of course, a Christian community there before any consecrated building was erected. It necessarily would be so.

INROADS ON HISTORY.

The quarter round about was called Babylon—but not the Babylon of the Euphrates. These people south of the Mediterranean get so many things different from what has been taught us. The most remarkable inroad they have made into our history, it seems to me, is the impression they have of Abraham. An intelligent Moslem said:

"Like the Hebrews, we are the sons of Abraham. They are the sons of Isaac; we, the sons of Ishmael. We are taught by our learned men, by the Koran, and by all that we regard as sacred that Ishmael was the favorite son of Abraham, and that Isaac, the father of the Hebrews, was turned out of house and home. Certainly, history sustains this theory, because everybody knows that the Jews have been unable to have a government of their own for all these centuries. Mohammed knew that Ishmael was the favorite son of Abraham, and he referred to this place as Babylon. Probably for some similar reasons this place where we stand is called Babylon."

At least Babylon has been its name for a long time, and a class of commentators on holy writ claim this spot and this Christian body as the one referred to in the first epistle of St. Peter, v:13—"The church that is at Babylon elected together with you, saluteth you; and so doth Marcus, my son."

Tradition has it that the preaching of Peter among a colony of Jews who had lived here for three centuries was so successful that the Jews all became Christians and their synagogue a Christian church. Anyhow, it is certain that in very early days the synagogue passed into Christian hands and remained so for some centuries, until financial trouble forced the Christians to sell it back to the Jews.

REFLIGE OF THE HOLY FAMILY.

But a more intense interest surrounds this out-of-the-way and hidden church, for here the guide tells you that the holy family took refuge when flying from the rage of Herod (Matt. ii). He points to a spot on the marble slab marked by an Egyptian cross and says: "This is where Mary sat with the holy child Jesus," and two paces away he points to a niche in the wall marked in the same way and says: "This is where Joseph sat."

Is this true? No! No! This church was not built for 150 years after the event. But there is a possibility that it was built upon the spot where the tradition of that early date said the family had rested and remained. For, apart from the fact that this spot is a considerable distance from the boundary of Herod's power, there are several considerations that make it possible, nay, even probable, that the tradition has a considerable amount

of truth in it. First, because no other spot in Egypt has ever claimed a like association with our Lord. Second, because Babylon was on the highway from Palestine to Egypt's castle. At a spot eight miles to the north there was until a month ago an old sycamore tree on or near the same highway where tradition says the fugitives rested for a night on their way to Babylon. Third, because it was within two miles of the outskirts of Memphis, the capital of those days, and was immediately under the walls of the strongest fortress of the land. And lastly, because the presence of a strong body of Jews on this spot, who were most probably in favor of the powers for financial reasons, would have afforded congenial society and a safe place from all fears.

A MATTER OF WIVES.

In the precincts of old Cairo we are shown the location of a harem. The number of wives does not seem so objectionable to natives in the east, but it would simplify matters perceptibly if the husbands would own the wives one at a time—tandem, so to speak. In this opinion all Americans share. Not so with the Mohammedans, however, who say that Solomon promoted an institution of this kind, and Solomon was a wise man. But just imagine King Solomon lugging 400 or 500 wives to a cemetery on a picknicking tour one day each week. Solomon well knew that a cemetery is no place to have fun, and he never took his wives there for entertainment. So, if these people can not conduct their Cleopatrian bureaus more in accord with the success of palmier days, the government ought to declare the institution in a state of decay.

Throughout Egypt harems are not uncommon. This is a condition which Europeans did not bring about, but which they will be called upon to correct. No person who pursues a custom so un-European should be permitted to presume upon European courtesy. Accordingly, it has been suggested that no man with more than one wife should be permitted to pass as the equal of Europeans. If his practices are polygamic, as was common in the days of old, he might still wear the cloak and dress as in the

days of old, but he ought not to mislead the world by wearing monogamic dress.

Those who have involved themselves matrimonially so as to transcend the European idea of decency by adopting ideas so eastern ought also to discard monogamic dress, which stands for a higher order of thought and life. Therefore, in oriental countries no man with more than one wife should be permitted to wear trousers. A man's trousers are the principal part of his uniform. That uniform is honorable and ought to have a significant meaning in no wise contaminated with the constant troubles of the antiquated harem.

Should you enter a place of worship in the Nile valley where the men have their hats off, you would say it is a Christian service; if their hats are on you will call it a synagogue, but if the men do not care whether they have their hats on or off, you would call them Mohammedans.

The Mohammedans celebrate Friday as their Sabbath, the Hebrews Saturday, and the Christians Sunday. The Hebrews are the most devoted in the observance of the Sabbath and they are the last to backslide from the religious teachings of their childhood.

They are not particular as to their hats, so we infer that this is a mosque that we are approaching, and the guide calls it the Mosque of Amru, said to be the oldest in Egypt, and this is the story of its origin:

The prophet Mahomet told Amru to go to a place in Egypt where he would find a column from Mecca; round this column Amru should build a mosque with 363 columns and arches. Mahomet afterward, referring to this mosque in the Koran, said that some time there would be a great fight here. All of which the Moslems firmly believe, and as a precaution, the Khedive permits worship only once a year at this place.

The pulpit faces Mecca, which in this case happens to be east. The court of the great quadrangle shows evidence of neglect. Herein is a shrine where lepers come. Here as at other shrines faith is exercised by these imaginative people. The pilgrim ap-

plies the juice of a lemon to the stone pillar and on bended knee, licks it at intervals for three successive days, at which time, so the keeper assures us, permanent relief is obtained.

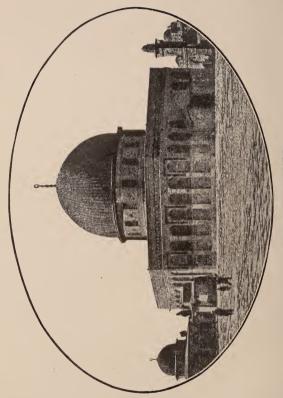
Upon taking our exit we are shown two stone columns standing so near each other that only the good can pass through it. This, as the Moslems say, is the origin of the sacred expression, "A tight squeeze," and they believe this squeeze is an unfailing test of a Moslem's worthiness. All tried it and all passed through, except the writer.

On the railroad down the Damietta river toward Port Said two men met—an American and an Egyptian. Neither knew the vernacular of the other. But the American pointed to the Egyptian's watch charm on which was inscribed a square and a compass. The native looked up in surprise. The American reaching forth his hand gave certain evidences whereby he made himself known. It was enough. The Egyptian fell upon the broad shoulders of the American, and according to oriental customs, kissed him. Then he procured an interpreter, who said, "The man wants me to tell you that this is the happiest day in all his life; for, while he always knew he had brothers in Egypt, he knows now that he has one brother in America." After exchanging presents the Egyptian said Freemasonry took its origin in Egypt, and that when Solomon was building his temple the order was already an ancient institution along the Nile.

Egypt is full of mystery, marvel and monumental ruin. Silent, yet eloquent; speechless, yet vocal with 10,000 voices from the battlements of antiquity. Her thrones have crumbled to the dust, her kings have been buried in the sepulcher of the ages.

In one of the galleries of Europe is a great picture of a dying king. His crown has just fallen back on the pillow, his scepter rolled on the floor, and the last moment has come. All around him his servants are decking themselves merrily in royal robes or plunging their hands in the royal coffers, or stealing the jewels from the diamond crown. Thus perishes the greatness of his glory. So, too, is passing and perishing the glory of ancient Egypt.





MOSQUE OF OMAR.

JERUSALEM.

BY J. B. HORNER.

Lecture VI.

I had read both the biblical and Mark Twain's account of the holy land. Finding these so dissimilar in tone I resolved to visit Jerusalem to ascertain for myself which is correct. And I am free to confess that I expected to find a great disappointment in Jerusalem, which in many respects is a mere cemetery of what the old city was. Coming with that feeling, I was the better enabled to pass through the ordeal without having my respect for the sacred city totally wrecked.

On our way to Jerusalem a young German, who had recently returned, complained that he did not enjoy the old city, because, as he said, "It is too old. Jerusalem is for the old men; and Cairo or Paris suits young men better."

Which suggested to me that Mark Twain wrote of his visit to Jerusalem while he was still a young man—at a time when his style was better adapted to Cairo and Paris than to Galilee and Jerusalem. He undertook the Jerusalem task too young. He could do it more reverently now, for Mark Twain the reformer is a more mature writer than Mark Twain the humorist, who attempted to burlesque Palestine.

A rotunda of hills 2,500 feet high encircles a spur which juts up at the end into two crowned elevations known as Mount Zion and Mount Moriah. These, with the debris-filled ravine between, compose the site of the holy city—in all about 210 acres; and the hills of the rotunda are the mountains "round about Jerusalem."

ON THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

The loftiest ridge of this rotunda is the Mount of Clives, where Jesus rested when weary with the har?ships of an active ministry. Also, this is where David retired when he went out of the city to weep over the wrongdoings of his bad boy. And this is where I chance to be while I pen these lines.

Back of the Mount of Olives is Bethlehem, three miles from Jerusalem. Four miles farther on is the Crusaders' castle overlooking the hospice where the good Samaritan in the wilderness of Judea set the pace for so many good Cdd Fellows in America.

From the Mount of Olives my telephoto lens depicts the Dead sea and the Jordan to the east, fourteen miles away as the camera sees. Down, down, down; 1,200 feet lower than the ocean, the Dead sea is the most depressed place on the earth. And the atmosphere is so heavy that from point of comfort Jerusalem is as close as you need to be to the Dead sea at this season of the year.

Jericho is behind the hills, but the Mount of Temptation is within clear view. Five miles to the south is Bethlehem, surrounded by the embattled hills closely contested by the Jews and Phillistines in the days of David. Farther on is Nazareth, which gave one good thing, and in so doing she gave the best the earth has received.

BETWEEN ASIA AND AFRICA.

Compact as it is, Palestine resembles in size an Oregon county. At our feet is the central fact of the ages—"Zion stands with hills surrounded"—the midland between Asia and Africa. It is Jerusalem which is mentioned 818 times in the Bible. The city is the passway between Asia and Europe—hence the meeting ground of the three grand divisions then known. It was destined therefore, geographically and spiritually to disseminate enough wisdom to direct ten such worlds as this each ten thousand years.

At the end of which time the two dispensations will not be required in book form; for they will have been so written in the hearts of men that the millennium will be. And the millennium is good enough for this earth.

On the Mount of Clives the dust of our feet mingles with the dust of the Bible-makers—from David to Jesus, and as it rises and is wafted away by the winds that sweep the summit, we are reminded that many things should be forgotten—effaced forever; and for the first time sentiments of pardon are aroused for such traitors as Judas Iscariot, Marcus Brutus and Benedict Arnold.

On the way to the city of Jerusalem we pass through the valley of Jehosiphat. Down below the Garden of Gethsemane were some passing Jews casting stones at Absolom's sepulchre. When asked the cause of this demonstration, the guide explained that it is still the practice of the Jews while going by to hurl stones at the sepulchre of Absalom and to execrate him aloud for disobeying his father. While it has been suggested that if his father forgave him, others might be generous, still the American visitor is heard to wish aloud that more of the parental respect inculcated by the Jews might wing its way to foreign countries.

THE SORROWFUL WAY.

We pass along the sorrowful way (Via Dolorosa), which is shrouded in more or less tradition. It has been believed for many centuries to be the course taken by the Saviour from Pilate's judgment seat to Mount Calvary; hence the Via Dolorosa is of importance to the student of history.

Through the care of the church several stations have been marked along the way the Savior bore the cross:

- 1. The place of the holy stairway (scala santa), which led to the judgment hall. These stairs the Savior ascended. But they have since been removed to Rome, where penitents daily ascend them on their knees.
- 2. At the foot of scala santa is a station where the cross was bound upon the shoulders of Christ.

- 3. The ecce homo arch (behold the man arch), where Jesus stood when Pilate referred to him.
 - 4. Station where the Virgin fainted.
 - 5. Station where the Cyrenian took the cross.
- 6. Station called "Daughter of Jerusalem," near the houses of Dives.
- 7. House of Veronica, connected with the legend of the holy handkerchief which received the impression of Christ's face.
 - 8. Gate of the judgment.

There are other stations, including the one showing the imprint of the Savior's shoulder and hand, which confessedly require much faith to appreciate them without more or less doubt.

CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHER.

Passing along several other stations we arrive at the church of the Holy Sepulcher, beneath the dome of which is the Savior's tomb, which is regarded locally as the center of the world. So much legend and tradition not mentioned in Holy Writ is told on the streets of Jerusalem, and there have been such fierce discussions regarding the location of Mount Calvary and the tomb of the Savior that the visitor may be haunted with doubt even those things which have been verified by when he is told history. So when you gaze for the first time upon the sepulche, something says to you: "It is impossible that I am looking at the tomb in which Jesus of Nazareth lav." But the little room is crowded with those who are kneeling and weeping and kissing the cold marble while they make yows never to be broken. This sublime faith before you changes into fact that which was poetry and you say: "It was thus; this is the Savior's tomb"; and impelled by some feeling you join the others who are kneeling about vou.

Under the roof are many chapels erected to commemorate events connected with the death of the Savior. These have been consecrated to the worship of the Father, the Son and the Holy Chost. The entrance is guarded not by Christians, but by Turks who entertain a certain regard for the Savior, but they think so much of Mohammed that they do not at all times show proper

respect for the disciples of Jesus. You do not like to see these Moslems there, because in a manner they are so much more like Mohammed than they are like the Savior.

These guards are there for the purpose of preserving harmony among the various sects of Christians, which is an insult to all Christendom. There is so much of this sort of foolishness throughout the Christian and Jewish districts of Palestine which could be obviated if Christian nations would send as ambassadors to the land of the sultan such men as Roosevelt, Bryan, Balford, Chamberlain, Jerome, or the emperor of Germany. But none of these men might be willing to accept the position. Why not? In what country are so many Jews and Christians interested? It is their old homestead. Their family traditions and their institutions reach back to this city. Jerusalem is theirs by inheritance. Then why should the Moslem, a heretic and an enemy who believes a sure passport to heaven is to him who kills Jew or Christian in battle, wield his polluted sword over the city of Zion and stand at the entrance of her holy temples

The Church of the Holy Sepulcher appears to be about 400 feet square. It contains 18 chapels, two convents, two altars, the prison of Christ, the rock of Calvary, the column of scourging to which Christ was bound, the stone of unction on which he was laid after he expired, besides many other points of interest which leave the visitor to believe the Church of the Holy Sepulcher is a common roof covering many historic places.

ERECTED AS MEMORIALS.

It is reasonable to believe that some of these which at first were mere memorials to help the world keep sacred events fresh in mind have been mistaken for actual landmarks. As, for example, the bust of Shakespeare appears at Westminster Abbey, but we know that Shakespeare was buried at Stratford-on-Avon. Hence it is not misleading nor idolatrous to erect monoliths and altars to commemorate deeds of the departed, even when the place of action may be unknown. Among these are the chapels commemorating the apparition, parting of Christ's raiment, Longinius, who pierced Christ's side

and afterward did satisfactory penance; invention, where the three crosses were found; raising of the cross, where is shown a hole in the stone in which stood the cross of Christ, and the chapel of Adam, showing the place where he was buried beneath the cross so that the blood of the Savior might literally run down on the body of the first man who sinned.

Passing along the Via Dolorosa and then through the church of the Holy Sepulcher, the American is reminded that his is a Christian government founded on the teachings of this personage who was reviled, despised, and spat upon while he bore the cross from the seat of judgment to Calvary, and he becomes more reverent, for he feels that he is following in the footsteps of him who was greater than the greatest.

THE PALACE OF CAESAR.

The other day while I was wandering among the ruins of the forum, I came to the palace of Cæsar, the founder of Europe. Isolated columns mark the place of his home, but columns and inscriptions have been unnecessary to perpetuate his name. For he who reads knows that Cæsar exalted Rome until history in her golden age was unable to do Rome and Cæsar full justice. Indeed, the greatness of this man was so far-reaching that the merest attempt at his memoirs incorporates the history of nations. But Rome was Cæsar's god; ambition, supported by the sword, his guiding star, and these are fleeting. Hence, Cæsar established a name that is slowly but surely fading from the earth. For today on the whole earth there is scarcely standing room for a czar. He represents the wrong idea, and the last czar must eventually go.

About the time of Cæsar there was a wandering Jew in Palestine so poor that he had no place whereon to lay his head. In American cities are people arrested as vagrants who go about as did this despised man. Yet he went up and down the streets of Jerusalem decrying war and extolling in its stead a system of charity and peace with all mankind. And he was fair and magnanimous enough to say: "Render unto Cæsar that which is Cæsar's, and unto me that which is mine." Thus the Jew and the

Roman stood side by side, until the empire of the imperious Cæsar finally bowed before the throne of the poor Jew. Based on the principles of peace, with all mankind, the humble Jew has outdone the proud Roman. Such were the influences of the poor Jew, who slowly wound his way from the judgment seat to Calvary, that if he were only a man I should revere him above all other men, but if he was a god, I should do as the Cæsars learned to do—worship him.

TEMPLE AREA OF SOLOMON.

A trapezoid of thirty-five acres within the walls of Jerusalem represents the temple area of Solomon, now owned by Moslems. In a general way it may be stated that in size and shape the temple area corresponds fairly well with the campus of the Oregon Agricultural College. In Solomon's time the center of attraction was the temple; now it is the mosque of Omar. However, when you refer to the edifice as the mosque, zealous Moslems will correct you, requesting you to call it the dome of the rock, for its sole use seems to be to shelter the great rock known as the summit of Moriah. This rock is fifty-seven feet long and forty-three feet wide, and thousands of feet deep. Here stood Abraham, prepared to prove himself, even when the Lord commanded him to sacrifice his dear boy. Here thousands of sacrifices have been made by holy priests for king and subject. This place is believed by Moslem, Jew and Christian to have been divinely selected as a place of worship. Yet no Hebrew enters for the Jews believe the Ark of the Covenant was buried here. and they fear lest they may tread upon the holy place.

Just why the Moslems claim that the rock is suspended in the air is not evident, for it is seen to rest upon the earth, although a pit has been made beneath. The Mohammedan devotee guarding the dome will show you the prints of the fingers of Michael, who, he says, held the rock that it might not ascend to heaven and hasten the judgment day.

MONUMENT TO THREE FOURTHS.

It holds to reason that inasmuch as the dome of the rock is built on the site of Solomon's temple much of the building material used in the Hebrew temple is doing service in the present building. And it looks very much as if Moslem, Christian and Jew had contributed a portion to the establishment of a rock that has been set apart for all time to the worship of Deity, under the three great monotheistic forms, and it looks as if this rock had been consecrated by the three great religions as a monument of the faiths that stand against the debasing practices of polytheism.

Upon turning away from the great rock, we were halted by the official guard, who showed us the tablet which once contained nineteen nails driven by the angel Gabriel, and the visitor is told that when all these disappear the world will end. Already fifteen and one half of the nails are gone, and the guard assures us that by leaving a piece of money on the tablet eternal life will be assured. So as an idle experiment each of the missionaries with us deposited a half franc; when to their surprise they were informed that this was but half a piece of money, hence would take them only half way to heaven—leaving them suspended in the air so to speak. That officials in a Mohammedan shrine second in importance only to Mecca should be permitted to encourage sacrilegous means of securing contributions from visitors of other countries is not quite complimentary to the sultan, who is the head and holy father of Mohammedanism.

QUARRIES OF SOLOMON.

Solomon's quarries are approached at the Damascus gate, located near the northeast corner of the city. Only upon permission of the authorities, who furnish a guide at your expense, will you be permitted to enter this place. After you have been permitted to view a few of the caverns, which are so great you are convinced that they could have been made only by a great people, with lighted tapers you pass through a succession of quarries hundreds of feet below the city. Great passages carved through the white limestone are further evidence of what the Hebrew nation was doing while our forefathers were still savages on the Thames and Rhine. Yet pickmarks and wedge clefts in the walls look as if they were made yesterday. White is this

stone, and the chips indicate that it was hewn here—just such stone as Solomon wanted for the temple. Enough has been excavated to rebuild Jerusalem three times. On and on you go, till you reach the fartherest and lowest place, and you are told that those men returning from the fartherest grotto are visiting Masons who have been holding a meeting in Solomon's quarries.

THEIR ONLY PROPERTY.

A place to wail is the only property owned by the Jews in Zion. At the outer edge of the temple area is a place set apart by the Rothschilds for wailing because of the loss of Jerusalem—a custom which is to continue till Jerusalem will be reclaimed by these people. These devotees come in large numbers, especially on Friday afternoon or Saturday morning. Many stand, with fingers fastened in the crevices between the large stones and chant the litany bewailing the loss of their city and imploring its speedy restoration.

The place is holy and because of the prayers and tears offered here by a chosen people and because of the promises made to them Jerusalem will be restored in her beauty to the children of Israel, who are known to possess hereditary aptness in all civilized methods.

In temple building and in the observance of the Sabbath and in the perpetuity of their institutions the Jews set pace for Christians and Mohammedans. They are the apostles of peace, and by commanding the finances of nations they avert more than one half of the threatened wars. In fact, it is impossible for the great nations to conduct war successfully without consent of Jewish capital. All civilized races have had an Augustan age, but only the Jews have had the golden age of Solomon. The Jews gave the world the Bible with its system of ethics, and in turn they have received divine promises that are as abiding as a bridge of stars. Although oppressed by many nations, they could not be effectually put down, for they were created a people of destiny. As evidence of this fact Jerusalem, their great city, has been destroyed and rebuilt so many times that you may count

the eight successive Jerusalem above one another like the leaves of an old volume, but Jerusalem still stands.

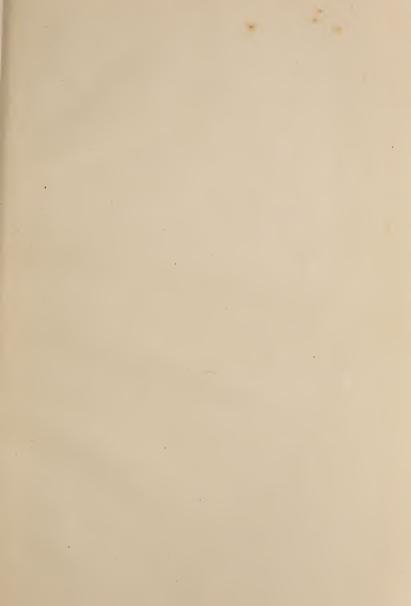
PRESERVE THEIR IDENTITY.

How long, O Lord, have the Jews been oppressed and denied recognition as a nation! Yet they have preserved their identity. When we come finally to understand how great a miracle the Hebrew people are, the Bible which they gave begins to be an easy miracle for us to understand. And that Bible promises that some day Jerusalem, which is the inheritance of the Jews, will be rebuilt in her pristine beauty, and shine forth the crowning glory of civilization.

The fifth gospel is the city of Jerusalem. After one has carefully studied the four gospels divinely written, Jerusalem, which was divinely designed, becomes more impressive. And the streets of the city, her walls, mountains, synagogues, temples, tabernacles, olive trees, sandals, lamps, camels, and gates explain the four gospels, and make them read like an illustrated Bible. As familiarity with the incidents which a painting describes arouses interest in a world of art, so familiarity with the incidents of the four gospels deepens our interest in the city of Jerusalem. And contrawise the city becomes a cyclorama, the cyclorama becomes a painting, and the painting divinely touched becomes a modern gospel to illustrate and illuminate the gospels of old.















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